



In memoriam fratris desideratissimi delin: Erun: Louelace.  
Wenceslaus Hollar Bohem, sculp: 1662



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# LUCASTA.

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Posthume

# POEMS

OF

*Richard Lovelace Esq;*

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*Those Honours come too late,  
That on our Asbes waite.*

Mart. lib. 1. Epig. 26.

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## THE DEDICATION.

To the Right Honorable

*John Lovelace*

Esquire.

SIR,

**L** Ucasta (*fair, but hapless Maid !* )  
Once flourish'd underneath the shade  
Of your Illustrious Mother ; Now ,  
*An Orphan grown , she bows to you !*  
To YOU , Her vertues noble Heir ,  
*Oh may she find protection there ;*  
*Nor let her welcome be the less*  
*'Cause a rough hand makes her Addresse,*  
One

## The Dedication.

*One ( to whom Foes the Muses are )  
Born and Bred up in Rugged War ;  
For, Conscious how unfit I am ,  
I only have pronounc'd her Name ,  
To waken pity in your Brest ,  
And leave Her Tears to plead the Rest.*

SIR ,

Your most obedient

Servant and Kinsman

*Dudley Posthumus-Lovelace.*

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# POEMS.

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TO *LUCASTA*:

---

*Her Reserved looks,*



*Lucasta* frown and let me die;  
But smile and see I live;  
The sad indifference of your Eye  
Both kills, and doth reprove.  
You hide our fate within its screen,  
We feel our judgment ere we hear:  
So in one Picture I have seen  
An Angel here, the Devil there.

B

*Lucasta*

## POEMS.

### *Lucaſta laughing.*

**H**Eark how ſhe laughs aloud,  
Although the world put on its ſhrowd;  
Wept at by the fantaſtick Crowd,  
Who cry, One drop let fall  
From her, might ſave the Univerſal Ball.  
She laughs again  
At our ridiculous pain;  
And at our merry miſery  
She laughs until ſhe cry;  
Sages, forbear  
That ill-contrived tear,  
Although your fear,  
Doth barricadoe Hope from your ſoft Ear.  
That which ſtill makes her mirth to flow,  
Is our ſiniſter-handed woe,  
Which downwards on its head doth go;  
And ere that it is ſown, doth grow.  
This makes her ſpleen contract,  
And her juſt pleaſure feaſt;  
For the unjuſteſt act  
Is ſtill the pleaſant'ſt jeſt.

### SONG.

I.

Strive not, vain Lover, to be fine,  
Thy ſilk's the Silk-worms, and not thine;  
You leſſen to a Fly your Miſtris Thought,  
To think it may be in a Cobweb caught,

What

## POEMS.

What though her thin transparent lawn  
Thy heart in a strong Net hath drawn?  
Not all the Arms the God of Fire ere made,  
Can the soft Bulwarks of nak'd Love invade.

2.

Be truly fine then, and your self dress  
In her fair Souls immac'late glass:  
Then by reflection you may have the bliss  
Perhaps to see what a True fineness is;  
When all your Gawderies will fit  
Those only that are poor in wit:  
She that a *clinguant* outside doth adore,  
Dotes on a gilded *Staine*, and no more.

In allusion to the *French-Song*.

*N' entendez vous pas ce langage.*

Cho. **T**hen understand you not (*Fair choise*)  
This Language without tongue or voice?

1.

How often have my Tears  
Invaded your soft Ears,  
And dropt their silent Chimes  
A thousand thousand times,  
Whilst Echo did your eyes,  
And sweetly Sympathize;  
But that the wary Lid  
Their Sluces did forbid?

Chor,

## POEMS.

Cho. *Then understand you not (Fair choice)  
This Language without tongue or voice?*

2.

My Arms did plead my wound,  
Each in the other bound;  
Volleys of Sighs did crowd,  
And ring my griefs aloud;  
Groans, like a Canon Ball,  
Batter'd the Marble Wall,  
That the kind Neighb'ring Grove,  
Did mutiny for Love.

Cho. *Then understand you not (Fair Choice)  
This Language without tongue or voice?*

3.

The Rheth'rick of my Hand  
Woo'd you to understand;  
Nay, in our silent walk  
My very Feet would talk,  
My Knees were eloquent,  
And spake the Love I meant;  
But deaf unto that Ayr,  
They bent, would fall in Prayer.

*Yet understand you not (Fair Choice)*

Cho. *This Language without tongue or voice?*

4.

No? Know then I would melt,  
On every Limb I felt,  
And on each naked part  
Spread my expanded Heart,  
That not a Vein of thee,  
But should be fill'd with mee.

Whil'st

Whil'st on thine own Down, I  
Would tumble, pant, and dye.

Cho. *You understand not this (Fair Choice; )  
This Language wants both tongue and voice.*

### Night. To Lucrecia.

**N**ight! loathed Jaylor of the lock'd up Sun;  
And Tyrant-turnkey on committed day;  
Bright Eyes lye fettered in thy Dungeon,  
And Heaven it self doth thy dark Wards obey:  
Thou dost arise our living Hell,  
With thee groines, terrors, furies dwell,  
Untill *Lucrecia* doth awake,  
And with her Beams these heavy chains off shake.

Behold, with opening her Almighty Lid  
Bright eyes break rowling, and with lustre spread,  
And captive Day his chariot mounted is;  
Night to her proper Hell is beat,  
And scutted to her Ebon Seat;  
Till th' Earth with play oppressed lies,  
And draws again the Curtains of her Eyes.

But Bondslave, I, know neither Day nor Night;  
Whether she murthering sleep or saving wake;  
Now broyl'd ith' Zone of her reflected light,  
Then froze my Iicles, not Sinews shake:  
Smile then new Nature, your soft blast  
Doth melt our Ice, and Fires wast:  
Whil'st the scorch'd shiv'ring world new born  
Now feels it all the day one rising morn. Love

## Love Inthron'd.

## Ode.

1.

INTroth, I do my self perswade,  
 That the wilde Boy is grown a Man;  
 And all his Childishnesse off laid,  
 E're since *Lucaſta* did his fires Fan;  
 H' has left his apiſh Jigs,  
 And whipping Hearts like Gigs;  
 For t'other day I heard him ſwear  
 That Beauty ſhould be crown'd in Honours Chair.

2.

With what a true and heavenly State  
 He doth his glorious Darts diſpence,  
 Now cleans'd from Falſhood, Blood, and Hate,  
 And newly tipt with Innocence;  
 Love Juſtice is become,  
 And doth the Cruel doome:  
 Reverſed is the old Decree;  
 Behold! he ſits Inthron'd with Maſteſtie,

3.

Inthroned in *Lucaſta's* Eye  
 He doth our Faith and Hearts Survey;  
 Then meaſures them by Sympathy,  
 And each to th' others Breſt convey;  
 Whiſt to his Altars Now  
 The frozen Veſtals Bow,

And



## POEMS.

And strickt *Diana* too doth go,  
A hunting with his fear'd, exchanged Bow.

4.

Th' Imbracing Seas, and Ambient Air,  
Now in his holy fires burn;  
Fish couple, Birds and Beasts in pair,  
Do their own Sacrifices turn:

This is a Miracle,

That might Religion swell:

But she that these and their God awes,  
Her crowned Self submits to her own Laws.

### *Her Muffe.*

**T** Was not for some calm blessing to deceive,  
Thou didst thy polish'd hands in shagg'd furs weave;  
It were no blessing thus obtain'd,  
Thou rather wouldst a curse have gain'd,  
Then let thy warm driven snow be ever stain'd.

2.

Not that you feared the discol'ring cold,  
Might alchymize their Silver into Gold;  
Nor could your ten white Nuns so sin,  
That you should thus pennance them in  
Each in her course hair smock of Discipline.

3.

Nor *Hero*-like, who on their crest still wore  
A Lyon, Panther, Leopard or a Bore;

To

To look their Enemies in their Herse,  
 Thou would'st thy hand should deeper pierce,  
 And, in its softness rough, appear more fierce.

4.

No, no, *Lucaſta*, deſtiny Decreed  
 That Beaſts to thee a ſacrifice ſhould bleed,  
 And ſtrip themſelves to make you gay;  
 For neer yet Herald did diſplay,  
 A Coat, where *Sables* upon *Ermin* lay.

5.

This for Lay-Lovers, that muſt ſtand at dore,  
 Salute the threshold, and admire no more:  
 But I, in my Invention tough,  
 Rate not this outward bliſs enough,  
 But ſtill contemplate muſt the hidden Muſſe.

*A Black patch on Lucaſta's Face.*

**D**ullas I was, to think that a Court Fly,  
 Preſum'd ſo neer her Eye;  
 When 'twas th'induſtrious Bee  
 Miſtook her glorious Face for Paradife,  
 To ſumme up all his Chymitry of Spice;  
 With a brave pride and honour led,  
 Neer both her Suns he makes his bed;  
 And though a Spark ſtruggles to riſe as red:  
 Then Æmulates the gay  
 Daughter of Day,  
 Acts the *Romantick Phoenix* fate:  
 When now with all his Sweets lay'd out in ſtate,  
*Lucaſta*

*Lucaſta* ſcatters but one Heat,  
And all the Aromatick pills doſe wear,  
And Gums calcin'd, themſelves to powder beat;  
Which a freſh gale of Air  
Conveys into her Hair;  
Then chaſt he's ſet on fire,  
And in theſe holy flames doth glad expire;  
And that black marble Tablet there  
So neer her either Sphere,  
Was plac'd; nor ſoyl, nor Ornament,  
But the ſweet little Bees large Monument.

*Another.*

1.

AS I beheld a Winters Evening Air,  
Curl'd in her court falſe locks of living hair,  
Butter'd with Jeſſamine the Sun left there.

2.

Galliard and clinquant ſhe appear'd to give,  
A Serenade or Ball to us that grieve,  
And teach us *Ala mode* more gently live.

3.

But as a *Moor*, who to her Cheeks prefers  
White Spots t'allure her black Idolaters,  
Me thought ſhe look'd all ore beparch'd with Stars.

4.

Like the dark front of ſome *Ethiopian* Queen,  
Vailed all ore with Gems of Red, Blew, Green;  
Whoſe ugly Night ſeem'd masked with days Skreen.

5. Whiſt

5.  
Whilst the fond people offer'd Sacrifice  
To Saphyrs 'stead of Veins and Arteries,  
And bow'd unto the Diamonds, not her Eyes.

Behold *Lucaſta's* Face, how't glows like Noon!  
A Sun intire is her complexion,  
And form'd of one whole Contellation.

7.  
So gently shining, so serene, so clear,  
Her look doth Universal Nature cheer;  
Only a cloud or two hangs here and there.

To Lucaſta.

I.  
I Laugh and sing, but cannot tell  
Whether the folly on't sounds well;  
But then I groan  
Methinks in Tune,  
Whilst Grief, Despair, and Fear, dance to the Air  
Of my despised Prayer.

2.  
A pretty Antick Love does this,  
Then strikes a Galliard with a Kiss ;  
As in the end  
The Chords they rend ;  
So you but with a touch from your fair Hand,  
Turn all to Saraband.

*T.*

To Lucaſta.

I.

**L**ike to the Sentinel Stars, I watch all Night;  
For ſtill the grand round of your Light,  
And glorious Breaſt  
Awakes in me an Eaſt,  
Nor will my rolling Eyes ere know a Weſt.

2.

Now on my Down I'm roſs'd as on a Wave,  
And my repoſe is made my Grave;  
Fluttering I lye,  
Do beat my Self and dye,  
But for a Reſurrection from your eye.

3.

Ah my fair Murdeſſe! doſt thou cruelly heal,  
With Various pains to make me well?  
Then let me be  
Thy cut Anatomie,  
And in each mangled part my heart you'l ſee.

*Lucaſta at the Bath.*

I.

With Autumn of a Summers day,  
When all the Winds got leave to play;  
*Lucaſta*, that fair Ship, is lanch'd,  
And from its cruſt this Almond blanch'd.

2. Blow

2.

Blow then. unruly Northwind, blow,  
 'Till in their holds your Eyes you stow;  
 And swell your Cheeks, bequeath chill Death:  
 See! she hath smil'd thee out of Breath.

3.

Court gentle *Zephyr*, court and fan  
 Her softer breast's carnation'd Wan;  
 Your charming Rhethorick of Down  
 Flies scatter'd from before her frown.

4.

Say, my white Water-Lilly, say,  
 How is't those warm streams break away?  
 Cut by thy chaste cold breast which dwells  
 Amidst them arm'd in Icicles.

5.

And the hot floods more raging grown  
 In flames of Thee, then in their own;  
 In their distempers wildly glow,  
 And kisse thy Pillar of fix'd Snow.

6.

No Sulphur, through whose each blew Vein  
 The thick and lazy Currents strein,  
 Can cure the Smarting, nor the fell  
 Blisters of Love wherewith they swell.

7.

These great Physicians of the Blind,  
 The Lame, and fatal Blains of *Inde*,  
 In every drop themselves now see  
 Speckled with a new Leprosie.

8.

8.

As Sick drinks are with old Wine dafh'd,  
Foul Waters too with Spirits wash'd;  
Thou greiv'd, perchance, one tear let it fall,  
Which straight did purifie them all.

9.

And now is cleans'd enough the flood,  
Which since runs cleare, as doth thy blood;  
Of the wet Pearls uncrown thy hair,  
And mantle thee with *Ermin* Air.

10.

*Lucasta*, hail! fair Conqueresse  
Of Fire, Air, Earth, and Seas;  
Thou whom all kneel to, yet even thou  
Wilt unto Love, thy captive, bow.

*The Ant.*

1.

**F**Orbear thou great good Husband, little Ant:  
A little respite from thy flood of sweat;  
Thou, thine own Horse and Cart under this Plan  
Thy spacious tent, fan thy prodigious heat;  
Down with thy double load of that one grain;  
It is a Granarie for all thy Train.

2.

Cease large example of wise thrift a while,  
(For thy example is become our Law)  
And teach thy frowns a seasonable smile:  
So *Cato* sometimes the nak'd Florals saw.

And

And thou almighty foe, lay by thy sling,  
Whilst thy unpay'd Musicians, Crickets, sing.

3.

*Lucaſta*, She that holy makes the Day,  
And ſtills new Life in fields of Fucillemort:  
Hath back reſtor'd their Verdure with one Ray,  
And with her Eye bid all to play and ſport,  
Ant to work ſtill; Age will Thee Truant call;  
And to ſave now, thou art worſe than prodigal.

4.

*Auſtere* and *Cynick*! not one hour t'allow,  
To loſe with pleaſure what thou goſt with pain:  
But drive on ſacred Fetiivals, thy Plow;  
Tearing high-ways with thy ore charged Wain.  
Not all thy life time one poor Minute live,  
And thy o're labour'd Bulk with mirth relieve?

5.

Look up then miſerable Ant, and ſpie  
Thy fatal foes, for breaking of her Law:  
How'ring above thee, Madam, *Margaret Pie*,  
And her fierce Servant, Meagre, Sir *John Daw*:  
Thy Self and Storehouſe now they do ſtore up,  
And thy whole Harveſt too within their Crop.

6.

Thus we untrifty thrive within Earths Tomb,  
For ſome more rav'nous and ambitious Jaw:  
The Grain in th' *Ants*, the *Ants* in the *Pies* womb,  
The *Pie* in th' *Hawks*, the *Hawks* in th' *Eagles* maw:  
So ſcattering to hord'gainſt a long Day,  
Thinking to ſave all, we caſt all away.

The



*The Snayl.*

Wise Emblem of our Politick World,  
 Sage Snayl, within thine own self curl'd;  
 Instruct me softly to make hast,  
 Whilst these my Feet go slowly fast.

Compendious Snayl! thou seem'st to me,  
 Large *Euclids* strickt Epitome;  
 And in each Diagram, dost Fling  
 Thee from the point unto the Ring,  
 A Figure now Triangulare,  
 An Oval now, and now a Square;  
 And then a Serpentine dost crawl  
 Now a straight Line, now crook'd, now all.

Preventing Rival of the Day,  
 Th'art up and openest thy Ray,  
 And ere the Morn cradles the Moon,  
 Th'art broke into a Beauteous Noon.  
 Then when the Sun sups in the Deep,  
 Thy Silver Horns e're *Cin-bia's* peep;  
 And thou from thine own liquid Bed  
 New *Phabus* heav'st thy pleasant Head,

Who shall a Name for thee create,  
 Deep Riddle of Mysterious State:  
 Bold Nature that gives common Birth  
 To all products of Seas and Earth,  
 Of thee, as Earth-quakes, is affraid,  
 Nor will thy dire Deliv'ry aid,

Thou

Thou thine own daughter then, and Sire,  
 That Son and Mother art intire,  
 That big still with thy self dost go,  
 And liv'st an aged Embrio;  
 That like the Cubbs of *India*,  
 Thou from thy self a while dost play:  
 But frighted with a Dog or Gun,  
 In thine own Belly thou dost run,  
 And as thy House was thine own womb,  
 So thine own womb, concludes thy tomb.

But now I must (analys'd King)  
 Thy Oeconomick Virtues sing;  
 Thou great stay'd Husband still within,  
 Thou, thee, that's thine dost Discipline;  
 And when thou art to progress bent,  
 Thou mov'st thy self and reneement,  
 As Warlike *Scythians* travayl'd, you  
 Remove your Men and City too;  
 Then after a sad Dearth and Rain,  
 Thou scatterest thy Silver Train;  
 And when the Trees grow nak'd and old,  
 Thou cloathest them with Cloth of Gold,  
 Which from thy Bowels thou dost spin,  
 And draw from the rich Mines within.

Now hast thou chang'd thee Saint; and made  
 Thy self a Fane that's cupula'd;  
 And in thy wreathed Cloister thou  
 Walkest thine own Gray fryer too;  
 Strickt, and lock'd up, th'art Hood all ore  
 And ne'r Eliminat'st thy Dore.

## P O E M S;

On Sallads thou dost feed severe,  
 And 'tread of Beads thou drop'st a tear,  
 And when to rest, each calls the Bell,  
 Thou sleep'st within thy Marble Cell;  
 Where in dark contemplation plac'd,  
 The sweets of Nature thou dost tast;  
 Who now with Time thy days resolve,  
 And in a Jelly thee dissolve.  
 Like a shot Star, which doth repair  
 Upward, and Rarifie the Air.

### *Another.*

**T**He Centaur, Syren, I foregoe;  
 Those have been sung, and lowdly too;  
 Nor of the mixed Sphynx Ile write,  
 Nor the renown'd Hennaphrodite:  
 Behold, this Huddle doth appear  
 Of Horses, Coach, and Charioteer;  
 That moveth him by traverse Law,  
 And doth himself both drive and draw;  
 Then when the Sun the South doth winne;  
 He baits him hot in his own Inne;  
 I heard a grave and austere Clark,  
 Resolv'd him Pilot both and Barque;  
 That like the fam'd Ship of *Trevere*,  
 Did on the Shore himself Laverre:  
 Yet the Authentick do beleeve,  
 Who keep their Judgement in their Sleeve;



*A loose Saraband.*

1.

N Ay, prethee Dear, draw nigher,  
 yet closer, nigher yet;  
 Here is a double Fire,  
 A dry one and a wet:  
 True lasting Heavenly Fuel  
 Puts out the Vestal jewel,  
 When once we twining marry  
 Mad Love with wilde Canary.

2.

Off with that crowned Venice  
 'Till all the House doth flame,  
 Wee'l quench it straight in Rhenish,  
 Or what we must not name:  
 Milk lightning still affwageth,  
 So when our fury ragerh,  
 As th' only means to cross it,  
 Wee'l drown it in Love's posset.

3.

Love never was Well-willer,  
 Unto my Nag or mee,  
 Ne'r watter'd us ith' Cellar,  
 But the cheap Buttery:  
 At th' head of his own Barrells,  
 Where broach'd are all his Quarrels,  
 Should a true noble Master  
 Still make his Guest his Taster.

4. See

4.

See all the World how't staggers,  
 More ugly drunk then we,  
 As if far gone in daggers,  
 And blood it seem'd to be:  
 We drink our glasse of Roses,  
 Which nought but sweets discloses,  
 Then in our Loyal Chamber,  
 Refresh us with Loves Amber.

5.

Now tell me, thou fair Cripple,  
 That dumb canst scarcely see  
 Th' almightinesse of Tipple,  
 And th' ods 'twixt thee and thee:  
 What of Elizium's missing?  
 Still Drinking and still Kissing;  
 Adoring plump *October*;  
 Lord! what is Man and Sober?

6.

Now, is there such a Trifle  
 As Honour, the fools Gyant,  
 VVhat is there left to rife,  
 When Wine makes all parts plyant.  
 Let others Glory follow,  
 In their false riches wallow,  
 And with their grief be merry;  
 Leave me but Love and Sherry.

*The Falcon.*

**F**Air Princess of the spacious Air,  
 That hast vouchsaf'd acquaintance here,  
 With us are quarter'd below stairs,  
 That can reach Heav'n with nought but Pray'rs;  
 Who when our activ'st wings we try,  
 Advance a foot into the Sky.

Bright Heir t' th' Bird Imperial,  
 From whose avenging penons fall  
 Thunder and Lightning twisted Spun;  
 Brave Cousin-german to the Sun,  
 That didst forsake thy Throne and Sphere,  
 To be an humble Pris'ner here;  
 And for a pinch of her soft hand,  
 Resign the Royal Woods command.

How often would'st thou shoot Heav'n's Ark,  
 Then mount thy self into a Lark;  
 And after our short faint eyes call,  
 When now a Fly, now nought at all;  
 Then stoop so swift unto our Sence,  
 As thou wert sent Intelligence.

Free beauteous Slave, thy happy feet  
 In silver Fetters vervails meet,

The

C 3

And

And trample on that noble Wrist  
 The Gods have kneel'd in vain t' have killt:  
 But gaze not, bold deceived Spye,  
 Too much oth' lustre of her Eye;  
 The Sun, thou dost out-stare, alas!  
 VVinks at the glory of her Face.

Be safe then in thy Velvet helm,  
 Her looks are calms that do orewhelm,  
 Then the *Arabian* bird more blest,  
 Chase in the spicery of her breast,  
 And loose you in her Breath, a wind  
 Sow's the delicious gales of *Inde*.

But now a quill from thine own Wing  
 I pluck, thy lofty fate to sing;  
 Whilst we behold the various fight,  
 With mingled pleasure and affright,  
 The humbler Hinds do fall to pray'r,  
 As when an Army's seen i'th' Air  
 And the prophetick Spannels run,  
 And howle thy *Epicedium*.

The *Heron* mounted doth appear  
 On his own Peg'sus a Lanceer,  
 And seems on earth, when he doth hut,  
 A proper Halberdier on foot;  
 Secure i'th' Moore, about to sup,  
 The Dogs have beat his Quarters up.

And now he takes the open air,  
 Drawes up his Wings with Tactick care;  
 Whilst th' expert *Falcon* swift doth climbe,  
 In subtile Mazes serpentine;

And



And to advantage closely twin'd  
She gets the upper Sky and Wind,  
Where she dissembles to invade,  
And lies a pol'tick Ambuscade.

The hedg'd-in *Heron*, whom the Foe  
Awaits above, and Dogs below,  
In his fortification lies,  
And makes him ready for surprize;  
When roused with a shrill alarm,  
Was shouted from beneath, they arm.

The *Falcon* charges at first view  
With her brigade of Talons; through  
Whose Shoots, the wary *Heron* beat,  
VVith a well counterwheel'd retreat.  
But the bold Gen'ral never lost,  
Hath won again her airy Post;  
VVho wild in this affront, now fries,  
Then gives a Volley of her Eyes.

The desperate *Heron* now contracts,  
In one design all former facts;  
Noble he is resolv'd to fall  
His, and his Enemies funerall,  
And (to be rid of her) to dy  
A publick Martyr of the Sky.

VVhen now he turns his last to wreak  
The palizadoes of his Beak;  
The raging foe impatient  
Wrack'd with revenge, and fury rent,

Swift as the Thunderbolt he strikes,  
 Too sure upon the stand of Pikes,  
 There she his naked breast doth hit  
 And on the case of Rapiers's split.

But ev'n in her expiring pangs  
 The *Heron's* pounc'd within her Phangs,  
 And so above she stoops to rise  
 A Trophée and a Sacrifice;  
 VVhilst her own Bells in the sad fall  
 Ring out the double Fuderral.

Ah Victory! unhap'ly wonne,  
 VVeeeping and Red is set the Sun,  
 VVhilst the whole Field floats in one tear,  
 And all the Air doth mourning wear:  
 Close hooded all thy kindred come  
 To pay their Vows upon thy Tombe;  
 The *Hobby* and the *Musket* too,  
 Do march to take their last adieu.

The *Lanner* and the *Lanneret*,  
 Thy Colours bear as *Banneret*;  
 The *Goshawk* and her *Tercel* rows'd,  
 VVith Tears attend thee as new bows'd,  
 All these are in their dark array  
 Led by the various *Herald-jay*.

But thy eternal name shall live  
 VVhilst Quills from Ashes fame reprieve,

Whilst

Whilst open stands Renown's wide dore,  
 And Wings are left on which to soar;  
 Doctor *Robbin*, the Prelate *Pye*,  
 And the poe'tick *Swan* shall dye,  
 Only to sing thy Elegie.

*Love made in the first Age:  
 To Chloris.*

1.

IN the Nativity of time,  
*(Chloris!* it was not thought a Crime  
 In direct *Hebrew* for to woe.  
 Now wee make Love, as all on fire,  
 Ring Retrograde our lowd Desire,  
 And Court in *Englisk* Backward too.

2.

Thrice happy was that golden Age,  
 When Complement was constru'd Rage,  
 And fine words in the Center hid;  
 When curs'd *No* stain'd no Maids Blisse,  
 And all discourse was summ'd in *Yes*,  
 And Nought forbad, but to forbid.

3.

Love then unstinted, Love did sip,  
 And Cherries pluck'd fresh from the Lip,  
 On Cheeks and Roses free he fed;  
 Lasses like *Autumne* Plums did drop,  
 And Lads, indifferently did crop  
 A Flower, and a Maiden-head.

4. Then

4.

Then unconfined each did Tipple  
 Wine from the Bunch, Milk from the Nipple,  
 Paps tractable as Udders were,  
 Then equally the wholesome Jellies,  
 Were squeez'd from Olive-Trees, and Bellies,  
 Nor Suirs of Trespasse did they fear.

5.

A fragrant Bank of Straw-berries,  
 Diaper'd with Violets Eyes,  
 Was Table, Table-cloth, and Fare;  
 No Pallace to the Clouds did swell,  
 Each humble Princeesse then did dwell  
 In the *Piazza* of her Hair.

6.

Both broken Faith, and th' cause of it,  
 All damning Gold was damm'd to th' Pit;  
 Their Troth seal'd with a Clap and Kisse,  
 Lasted untill that extreem day,  
 In which they smil'd their Souls away,  
 And in each other breath'd new blisse.

7.

Because no fault, there was no rear;  
 No grone did grate the granting Ear;  
 No false foul breath their Del'cat smell:  
 No Serpent kifs poyson'd the Taft,  
 Each touch was naturally Chast,  
 And their mere Sense a Miracle.

8. Naked

8.

Naked as their own innocence,  
 And unimbroyder'd from Offence  
 They went, above, poor Riches, gay;  
 On softer than the Cignets Down,  
 In beds they tumbled off their own;  
 For each within the other lay.

9.

Thus did they live : Thus did they love,  
 Repeating only joyes Above ;  
 And Angels were, but with Cloaths on,  
 Which they would put off cheerfully,  
 To bathe them in the *Galaxie*,  
 Then gird them with the Heavenly Zone.

10.

Now, *CHLORIS* ! miserably crave,  
 The offer'd blisse you would not have ;  
 Which evermore I must deny,  
 Whilst ravish'd with these Noble Dreams,  
 And crowned with mine own soft Beams,  
 Injoying of my self I lye.

*To a Lady withchild that ask'd an  
 Old Shirt.*

**A**Nd why an honour'd ragged Shirt, that shows,  
 Like tatter'd Ensigns, all its Bodies blows ?  
 Should it be swathed in a vest so dire,  
 It were enough to set the Child on fire ;

Dishe-

Dishevell'd Queen should strip them of their hair,  
 And in it mantle the new rising Heir:  
 Nor do I know ought worth to wrap it in,  
 Except my parchment upper-coat of Skin:  
 And then expect no end of its chaste Tears,  
 That first was rowl'd in Down now Furs of Bears.

But since to Ladies' it hath a Custome been  
 Linnen to send, that travail and lye in,  
 To the nine Sempstresses, my former friends,  
 I su'd; but they had nought but shreds and ends.  
 At last, the jollit of the three times three,  
 Rent th' apron from her smock, and gave it me  
 'Twas soft and gentle, subr'ly spun: no doubt:  
 Pardon my boldness, Madam; *Here's the clout.*

## SONG.

1.

**I**N mine one Monument I lye,  
 And in my Self am buried;  
 Sure the quick Lightning of her Eye  
 Melted my Soul ith' Scabberd, dead;  
 And now like some pale ghost I walk,  
 And with anothers Spirit talk.

2.

Nor can her beams a heat convey  
 That may my frozen bosome warm,  
 Unless her Smiles have pow'r, as they  
 That a cross charm can countercharm;  
 But this is such a pleasing pain,  
 I'm loth to be alive again.

*Another*

## POEMS,

### *Another.*

I Did believe I was in Heav'n  
When first the Heav'n her self was giv'n,  
That in my heart her beams did passe  
As some the Sun keep in a glasse,  
So that her Beauties thorow me  
Did hurt my Rival-Enemy.  
But fate alafs! decreed it so,  
That I was Engine to my woe;  
For as a corner'd Chrystal Spot  
My heart Diaphanous was not,  
But solid Stuffle, where her Eye flings  
Quick fire upon the catching strings:  
Yet as at Triumphs in the Night,  
You see the Princes Arms in Light;  
So when I once was set on flame,  
I burnt all ore the Letters of her Name.

## ODE.

I.

YOu are deceiv'd; I sooner may dull fair;  
Seat a dark *Moor* in *Cassiopea's* chair,  
Or on the Glow-worms uselesse Light  
Bestow the watching flames of Night;  
Or give the Roses breath  
To executed Death,  
Ere the bright hiew  
Of Verse to you;

## P O E M S.

It is just Heaven on Beauty stamps a fame,  
And we alas! its Triumphs but proclaim,

2.

What chains but are too light for me, should I  
Say that *Lucrecia*, in strange Arms could lie;  
Or, that *Castara* were impure,  
Or *Saccarisa*'s faith unsure:

That *Chloris* Love as hair,  
Embrac'd each Enemies air:

That all their good  
Ran in their blood;

'Tis the same wrong th'unworthy to inthrone,  
As from her proper sphere t' have vertue thrown.

3.

That strange force on the ignoble hath renown,  
As *Aurum Fulminans*, it blows Vice down;

'Twere better (heavy one) to crawl  
Forgot, then raised trod on, fall:

All your defections now  
Are not writ on your brow.

Odes to faults give  
A shame, must live.

When a fat mist we view, we coughing run;  
But that once Meteor drawn, all cry, undone.

4.

How bright the fair *Paulina* did appear,  
When hid in Jewels she did seem a Star:

But who could soberly behold  
A wicked Owl in Cloath of Gold?

Or the ridiculous *Ape*,  
In sacred *Vesta*'s Shape?

So



## POEMS.

So doth agree  
Just Praise with thee ;  
For since thy birth gave thee no beauty, know  
No Poets pencil must or can do so.

### *The Duell.*

1.

L Ove drunk the other day, knockt at my brest ;  
But I, alas ! was not within :  
My man, my Ear, told me he came t' attest,  
That without cause h' had boxed him,  
And battered the Windows of mine eyes,  
And took my heart for one of's Nunneries.

2.

I wondred at the outrage safe return'd,  
And storm'd at the base affront ;  
And by a friend of mine, bold faith, that burn'd,  
I call'd him to a strict Accompt.  
He said, that by the Law, the challeng'd might  
Take the advantage both of Arms, and Fight.

3.

Two darts of equal length and points he sent,  
And nobly gave the choyce to me ;  
Which I not weigh'd, young and indifferent ;  
Now full of nought but Victorie.  
So we both met in one of's Mothers Groves,  
The time, at the first murmur'ing of her Doves,

4.

I stript my self naked all o're, as he,  
For so I was best arm'd, when bare ;      His

## P O E M S.

His ~~last~~ <sup>first</sup> passe did my Liver raise, yet I  
 Made home a falsify too neer;  
 For when my Arm to it's true distance came  
 I nothing touch'd but a fantastick flame.

5.

This, this is Love we daily quarrel so,  
 An idle *Don-Quichoterie*:  
 We whip our selves with our own twisted wo,  
 And wound the Ayre for a Fly.  
 The only way t'undo this Enemy,  
 Is to laugh at the Boy, and he will cry.

### C U P I D *far gone.*

1.

W<sup>H</sup>at so beyond all madnesse is the Elf,  
 Now he hath got out of himself!  
 His fatal Enemy the Bee,  
 Nor his deceiv'd Artillerie;  
 His Shackles, nor the Roses bough  
 Ne'r half so netled him as he is now.

2.

See! at's own Mother he is offering,  
 His Finger now fits any Ring;  
 Old *Cybele* he would enjoy,  
 And now the Girl, and now the Boy.  
 He proffers *Jove* a back Caresse,  
 And all his Love in the *Antipodes*.

3.

Jealous of his chaste *Psyche*, raging he,  
 Quarrels the Student *Mercurie*;

And

And with a proud submissive Breath  
Offers to change his Darts with Death.  
He strikes at the bright Eye of Day,  
And *Juno* tumbles in her milky way.

4.

The dear Sweet Secrets of the Gods he tells,  
And with loath'd hate lov'd heaven he swells;  
Now like a fury he belies  
Myriads of pure Virginities;  
And swears, with this false frenzy hurl'd,  
There's not a vertuous She in all the World.

5.

*Olympus* he renounces, then descends,  
And makes a friendship with the Fiends;  
Bids *Charon* be no more a slave,  
He *Argos* rigg'd with Stars shall have;  
And triple *Cerberus* from below  
Must leash'd t' himself with him a hunting go.

*A Mock-Song.*

**N**OW *Whitballs* in the grave,  
And our *Head* is our slave,  
The bright pearl in his close shell of Oyster;  
Now the *Miter* is lost,  
The proud *Prelates*, too, crost,  
And all *Rome's* confin'd to a Cloyster:  
He that *Tarquin* was styl'd,  
Our white Land's exil'd,  
Yea undefil'd,  
Not a Court *Ape's* left to confute us:

D

Then

And

Then let your Voyces rise high ,  
 As your Colours did fly ,  
 And flour'ishing cry ,  
 Long live the brave *Oliver-Bruins*.

2.

Now the *Sun* is unarm'd ,  
 And the *Moon* by us charm'd ,  
 All the *Stars* dissolv'd to a Jelly ;  
 Now the *Thighs* of the Crown ,  
 And the *Arms* are lopp'd down ,  
 And the *Body* is all but a Belly :  
 Let the *Commons* go on ,  
 The Town is our own ,  
 We'll rule alone ;  
 For the *Knights* have yielded their Spent-gorge ;  
 And an order is tane ,  
 With *HONT SOIT* profane ,  
 Shout forth amain ,  
 For our Dragon hath vanquish'd the *St. George*.

*A Fly caught in a Cobweb.*

**S**mall type of great ones , that do hum ,  
 Within this whole World's narrow Room ,  
 That with a busie hollow Noise  
 Catch at the people's vainer Voice ,  
 And with spread Sails play with their breath ,  
 Whose very Hails new christen Death.  
 Poor Fly caught in an airy net ,  
 Thy Wings have fetter'd now thy feet ;  
 Where like a *Lyon* in a Toyl ;  
 Howere , thou keep'st a noble Coyl ,

And

And beat'st thy gen'rous breast, that ore  
 The plains thy fatal buzzes rore,  
 Till thy all-belly'd foe (round Elf)  
 Hath quarter'd thee within himself.

Was it not better once to play  
 In th' light of a Majestick Ray,  
 Where thou hast too neer and bold, the fire  
 Might findge thy upper down attire,  
 And thou ith' storm so loose an Eye,  
 A Wing, or a self-trapping Thigh;  
 Yet hadst thou safn like him, whose Coil  
 Made Fishes in the Sea to broyl;  
 When now th'ast scap'd the noble Flame,  
 Trapp'd basely in a slimy frame;  
 And free of Air, thou art become  
 Slave to the spawn of Mud and Lome.

Nor is't enough thy self do'st dresse  
 To thy swoln Lord a num'rous messe,  
 And by degrees thy thin Veins bleed,  
 And piece-meal dost his poyson feed;  
 But now devour'd, art like to be  
 A Net spun for thy Familie,  
 And straight expanded in the Air  
 Hang'st for thy issue too a spare.  
 Strange witty Death, and cruel ill,  
 That killing thee, thou thine dost kill!  
 Like Pies in whose intomb'd ark,  
 All Fowl crowd downward to a Lark;  
 Thou art thine En'mies Sepulcher,  
 And in thee buriest too thine heir.

And

D 2

Yet

Yet Fates a glory have reserv'd  
 For one so highly hath deserv'd;  
 As the *Rhinoceros* doth dy  
 Under his Castle-Enemy,  
 As through the *Cranes* trunk Throat doth speed,  
 The *Aspe* doth on his feeder feed;  
 Fall yet triumphant in thy woe,  
 Bound with the entrails of thy foe.

*A Fly about a Glasse of Burnt Claret.*

1.

**F**Orbear this liquid Fire, *Fly*,  
 It is more fatal then the dry,  
 That singly, but embracing, wounds,  
 And this at once, both burns and drowns.

2.

The *Salamander* that in heat  
 And flames doth cool his monstrous sweat;  
 Whose fan a glowing cake, is said,  
 Of this red furnace is afraid.

3.

Viewing the Ruby-christal shine,  
 Thou tak'st it for Heaven-Christalline;  
 Anon thou wilt be taught to groan,  
 'Tis an ascended *Acheron*.

4.

A Snowball-heart in it let fall,  
 And take it out a Fire-ball:  
 An Icy breast in it betray'd,  
 Breaks a destructive wild Granade.

5. 'Tis

5.

'Tis, this, makes *Venus* Altars shine,  
This kindles frothy *Hymen's* Pine;  
When the Boy grows old in his desires,  
This *Flambeau* doth new light his fires.

6.

Though the cold *Hermit* ever wail,  
Whose sighs do freeze, and tears drop hail,  
Once having passed this, will ne'er  
Another flaming purging fear.

7.

The *Vestal* drinking this doth burn,  
Now more than in her fun'ral Urn;  
Her fires, that with the Sun kept race,  
Are now extinguish'd by her Face.

8.

The *Chymist*, that himself doth still,  
Let him but tast this *Limbeck's* bill,  
And prove this sublimated Bowl,  
He'll swear it will calcine a Soul.

9.

Noble and brave! now thou dost know,  
The false prepared decks below,  
Dost thou the fatal liquor sup,  
One drop alas! thy Barque blowes up.

10.

What airy Country hast to save,  
Whose plagues thou'lt bury in thy grave?  
For even now thou seemst to us  
On this Gulphs brink a *Curtains*.

11. And

11.

—And now th' art faln (magnanimous *Fly*)  
In, where thine Ocean doth fry,  
Like the Sun's son who blusht the flood,  
To a complexion of blood.

12.

Yet see! my glad Auricular  
Redeems thee (though dissolv'd) a Star,  
Flaggy thy Wings, and scorch'd thy Thighs,  
Thoulyt a double Sacrifice.

13.

And now my warming, cooling, breath,  
Shall a new life afford in Death;  
See! in the Hospital of my hand  
Already cur'd, thou fierce do'st stand.

14.

Burnt Insect! dost thou reaspire  
The moist-hot-glasse, and liquid fire?  
I see! 'tis such a pleasing pain,  
Thou would'st be scorch'd, and drown'd again.

### Female Glory.

**M**ongst the worlds wonders, there doth yet remain  
One greater than the rest, that's all those o're again  
And her own self beside; A Lady whose soft Breast,  
Is with vast Honours Soul, and Virtues Life possess:  
Fair, as Original Light, first from the Chaos shot,  
When day in Virgin-beams triumph'd, and Night was not.

And



*And as that Breath infus'd in the New-breather Good,  
When Ill unknown was dumb, and Bad not understood;  
Chearful, as that Aspect at this world's finishing,  
When Cherubims clapp'd wings, and th' Sons of Heav'n did*  
(sing.

*Chast as th' Arabian bird, who all the Ayr denies,  
And ev'n in Flames expires, when with her self she lies.  
Oh! she's as kind as drops of new fall'n April Showers,  
That on each gentle breast, spring fresh perfuming flowers;  
She's Constant, Gen'rous, Fixt, she's Calm, she is the All  
We can of Vertue, Honour, Faith, or Glory Call,  
And she is (whom I thus transmit to endless fame)  
Mistress oth' World, and me, & LAURA is her Name.*

*A Dialogue.*

*Lute and Voice.*

*L. S*ing *Laura*, sing, whilst silent are the Sphears,  
And all the eyes of Heaven are turn'd to Ears.

*V. T*ouch thy dead Wood, and make each living tree,  
Unchain its feet, rake arms, and follow thee.

*Chorus.*

*L. Sing. V. Touch. O Touch. L. O Sing,  
Both. It is the Souls, Souls, Sole offering.*

*V.* Touch the Divinity of thy Chords, and make  
Each Heart string tremble, and each Sinew shake.

*L.* Whilst with your Voice you Ratifie the Air.  
None but an host of Angels hover here.

*Chorus. Sing. Touch, &c.*

*V.* Touch thy soft Lute, and in each gentle thread,  
The *Lyon* and the *Panther* Captive lead.

*L.* Sing, and in Heav'n Inthrone deposed Love,  
Whilst Angels dance and Fiends in order move.

*Double Chorus.*

What sacred Charm may this then be  
In Harmony,  
That thus can make the Angels wild,  
The Devils mild,  
And reach low Hell to Heav'n to swell,  
And the High Heav'n to stoop to Hell.

*A Mock Charon.*

DIALOGUE.

*Cha. W.* (leer  
*W.* *Charon!* Thou Slave! Thou Fool! Thou Cava-  
*Cha.* A Slave, a Fool, What Traitors voice I Hear?  
*W.* Come

*W.* Come bring thy Boat. *Ch.* No Sir, *W.* No firrah why?

*Cha.* The Blest will disagtee, and Fiends will mutiny  
At thy, at thy, numbred Treachery.

*W.* Villain, I have a Pass, which who disdains,  
I will sequester the *Elizian* plains.

*Cha.* Woes me! Ye gentle shades! where shall I dwell?  
He's come! It is not safe to be in Hell.

*Chorus.*

Thus man, his Honor lost, falls on these Shelves;  
Furies and Fiends are still true to themselves.

*Cha.* You must lost Fool come in. *W.* Oh let me in!  
But now I fear thy Boat will sink with my ore-  
(weighty sin.

Where courteous *Charon* am I now? *Cha.* Vile Rant!  
At the Gates of thy supreme Judge *Rhadamanth*.

*Double Chorus of Devils.*

Welcome to Rape, to Theft, to Perjurie,  
To all the ills thou wert, we cannot hope to be;  
Oh pity us condemn'd! Oh cease to wooe,  
And softly, softly breath, least you infect us too.

*The Toad and Spyder.*

*A Duell.*

U Pon a Day when the Dog-star  
Unto the World proclaim'd a War,

And

And poyson bark'd from his black Throat,  
 And from his jaws Infection shot,  
 Under a deadly Hen-bane shade  
 With slime internal Mists are made;  
 Met the two dreaded Enemies,  
 Having their Weapons in their Eyes.

First from his Den rolls forth that Load,  
 Of Spite and Hate the speckl'd Toad,  
 And from his Chaps a foam doth spawn,  
 Such as the loathed three Heads yawn;  
 Defies his foe with a fell Spet,  
 To wade through Death to meet with it;  
 Then in his Self the *Lymbeck* turns,  
 And his Elixir'd poyson Urns.

*Arachne* once the fear 'oth Maid  
 Cœlestial, thus unro her pray'd:  
 Heaven's blew-ey'd Daughter, thine own Mother!  
 The *Python*-killing Sun's thy Brother.  
 Oh! thou from gods that did'st descend,  
 With a poor Virgin to contend,  
 Shall seed of Earth and Hell ere be  
 A Rival in thy Victorie?

*Pallas* assents! for now long time  
 And pity, had clean rins'd her crime;  
 When straight she doth with active fire,  
 Her many legged foe inspire.  
 Have you not seen a Charact lye  
 A great Cathedral in the Sea  
 Under whose *Babylonian* Walls,  
 A small thin frigot-Alms house stalls;

So in his slime the Toad doth float,  
 And th' Spyder by, but seems his Boat;  
 And now the Naumachie Begins  
 Close to the Surface, her self spins:  
*Arachne*, when her foe lets fly  
 A broad-tide of his Breath, too high,  
 That's over-shot, the wisely stout  
 Advised Maid doth rack about,  
 And now her pirchy barque doth sweat,  
 Chaf'd in her own black fury wet;  
 Lasse and cold before, she brings  
 New fire to her contracted Stings,  
 And with discolour'd Spumes doth blast  
 The Herbs that to their Center hast.  
 Now to the Neighb'ring Henbane top  
*Arachne* hath her self wound up,  
 And thence, from its dilated Leaves,  
 By her own cordage downwards weaves;  
 And doth her Town of Foe Attack,  
 And storms the Rampiers of his Back;  
 Which taken in her Colours spread,  
 March to th' Citadel of's Head.  
 Now as in witty torturing Spin,  
 The Brain is vex, to vex the Brain;  
 Where *Hereticks* bare Heads are arm'd  
 In a close Helm, and in it charm'd  
 An overgrown and Meagre Rat,  
 That Peece-meal nibbles himself fat;  
 So on the *Toad's* blew-checquer'd Scull  
 The Spider gluttons her self full.

And

And Vomiting her *Stygian* Seeds,  
Her poyson, on his poyson, feeds :  
Thus the invenom'd Toad, now grown  
Big, with more poyson than his own,  
Doth gather all his pow'rs, and shakes  
His Stormer in's Disgorged Lakes;  
And wounded now, apace crawls on  
To his next Plantane Surgeon ;  
With whose rich Balm no sooner drest,  
But purged, is his sick swoln Breast ;  
And as a glorious Combatant,  
That only rests a while to pant ;  
Then with repeated strength, and Scars ;  
That smarting, fire him to new Wars,  
Deals Blows that thick themselves prevent,  
As they would gain the time he spent.

So the disdainng angry Toad,  
That, calls but a thin useles Load ;  
His fatal feared self comes back  
With unknown Venome fill'd to crack,  
Th' amased *Spider* now untwin'd,  
Hath crept up, and her self new lin'd  
With fresh salt foams, and Mists that blast  
The Ambient Air as they pass.  
And now me thinks a *Sphinx's* wing  
I pluck, and do not write but sting ;  
With their black blood, my pale inks blent  
Call's but a faint Ingredient.  
The Pol'tick *Toad* doth now withdraw,  
Warn'd, higher in *Campania*,

There

There wisely doth intrenched deep,  
His Body, in a Body keep,  
And leaves a wide and open pass  
T' invite the foe up to his jaws;  
Which there within a foggy blind  
With fourscore fire-arms were lin'd;  
The gen'rous active *Spider* doubts  
More Ambuscadoes, then Redoubts;  
So within shot she doth pickear,  
Now gall's the Flank, and now the Rear;  
As that the *Toad* in's own despite  
Must change the manner of his fight,  
Who like a glorious General,  
With one home Charge, lets fly at All.  
Chaf'd with a fourfold ven'mous Foam  
Of Scorn, Revenge, His Foes and's Own;  
He seats him in his loathed Chair,  
New-made him by each Mornings Air,  
With glowing Eyes, he doth survey  
Th' undaunted host, he calls his prey;  
Then his dark Spume he greedly laps,  
And shows the foe his Grave, his Chaps.

Whilst the quick wary Amazon  
Of 'vantage takes occasion,  
And with her troop of Leggs Carreers,  
In a full speed with all her Speers;  
Down (as some mountain on a Mouse)  
On her small Cot he flings his house,  
Without the poyson of the Elf,  
The *Toad* had like t' have burst himself,

For

For sage *Arachne* with good heed,  
Had stopt herself upon full speed;  
And 's body now disorder'd, on  
She falls to Execution.  
The passive *Toad* now only can  
Contemn, and suffer: Here began  
The wronged Maids ingenious Rage,  
Which his heart venome must Asswage;  
One Eye she hath spet out, strange Smother!  
When one flame doth put out Another,  
And one Eye wittily spar'd, that he  
Might but behold his miserie;  
She on each spot a wound doth print,  
And each speck hath a sting within't;  
Till he but one new Blister is,  
And swells his own Periphrasis;  
Then fainting, sick, and yellow, pale,  
She baths him with her sulph'rous Stale;  
Thus slacked is her *Stygian* fire,  
And she vouchsafes now to retire;  
Anon the *Toad* begins to pant,  
Bethinks him of th' Almighty plant,  
And lest he peece-meal should be sped,  
Wisely doth finish himself dead.  
Whilst the gay Girl, as was her fate,  
Doth wanton and luxuriate,  
And crowns her conqu'ring head all ore  
With fatall Leaves of *Hellebore*,  
Not guessing at the pretious Aid  
Was lent her by the Heavenly Maid.



The neer expiring *Toad* now rowls  
Himself in lazy bloody Scrowls,  
To th' sov'raign Salve of all his ills,  
That only life and health distills.  
But loe! a Terror above all  
That ever yet did him befall!

*Pallas* still mindful of her foe,  
( Whilst they did with each fires glow )  
Had to the place the *Spiders Lar*,  
Dispath'd before the Ev'nings Star;  
He learned was in Natures Laws,  
Of all her foliage knew the cause,  
And 'mongst the rest in his choice want  
Unplanted had this Plantane plant.

The all-confounded *Toad* doth see  
His life fled with his Remedie,  
And in a glorious Despair  
First burst himself, and next the Air;  
Then with a Dismal Horred yell,  
Beats down his loathsome Breath to Hell.

But what inestimable bliss  
This to the sared Virgin is,  
Who as before of her fiend foe,  
Now full is of her Goddes too;  
She from her fertile womb hath spun  
Her stateliest Pavillion,  
Whilst all her silken Flags display,  
And her triumphant Banners play;  
Where *Pallas* she ith' midst doth praise,  
And counterseits her Brothers Rayes,

Nor

## POEMS.

Nor will she her dear *Lar* forget,  
Victorious by his Benefit;  
Whose Roof enchanted she doth free,  
From haunting Gnat, and goblin Bee,  
Who trapp'd in her prepared Toyle,  
To their destruction keep a coyle.

Then she unlocks the *Toad's* dire Head,  
Within whose cell is treasured  
That pretious stone, which she doth call  
A noble recompence for all,  
And to her *Lar* doth it present,  
Of his fair Aid a Monument.

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The

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The *Triumphs*  
OF  
PHILAMORE and AMORET.

To the Noblest of our Youth  
And Best of Friends,  
*CHARLES COTTON*  
Esquire.

Being at *Berisford*, at his house in *Staffordshire*.  
From *LONDON*.

A POEM.

*The* **S** I R your sad absence I complain, as Earth (birth  
Her long hid Spring, that gave her verdures  
Who now her cheerful Aromatick Head  
shrinks in her cold and *dismal* widow'd bed;  
Whilst the false Sun her Lover doth him move  
Below, and to th' *Antipodes* make Love.

What Fate was mine, when in mine obscure Cave  
(Shut up almost close Prisoner in a Grave) (Night,  
Your Beams could reach me through this Vault o.  
And Canton the dark Dungeon with Light!

E

Whence

Whence me (as gen'rous *Spahys*) you unbound,  
 Whilst I now know my self both *Free* and Crown'd.

But as at *Macha's* tombe, the Devout blind  
*Pilgrim* (great Husband of his Sight and Mind)  
 Pays to no other Object this chaste prise,  
 Then with hot Earth anoynts out both his Eyes:  
 So having seen your dazling Glories store;  
 It is enough, and sin for to see more?

Or, do you thus those pretious Rayes withdraw  
 To whet my dull Beams, keep my Bold in aw?  
 Or, are you gentle and compassionate,  
 You will not reach me *Regulus* his Fate?  
 Brave Prince who Eagle-ey'd of Eagle kind,  
 Wert blindly damn'd to look thine own self blind!

But oh return those Fires, too Cruel Nice!  
 For whilst you fear me Cinders, See! I'm Ice;  
 A nummed speaking clod, and mine own show,  
 My Self congeal'd, a Man cut out in Snow:  
 Return those living Fires, Thou who that vast  
 Double advantage from one ey'd Heav'n hast;  
 Look with one *Sun*, though't but Obliquely be,  
 And if not shine, vouchsafe to wink on me.

Percieve you not a gentle, gliding heat,  
 And quickning warmth that makes the *Statua* sweat;  
 As rev'rend *Ducaloon's* back-flung stone,  
 Whose rough out-side softens to Skin, anon  
 Each crusty Vein with wet red is suppl'd,  
 Whilst nought of Stone but in its heart doth 'bide.

So from the rugged North, where your soft stay  
 Hath stamp't them a *Meridian*, and kind day;

Where

Where now each *a la Mode* Inhabitant ;  
Himself and's Manners both do pay you rent ,  
And 'bout your house (your Pallace) doth resort  
And 'spite of Fate and War creates a Court.

So from the raught North, when you shall return  
To glad those Looks that ever since did mourn ,  
When men uncloathed of themselves you'l see ,  
Then start new made, fit, what they ought to be ;  
Halt ! halt ! you that your Eyes on rare Sights feed,  
For thus the golden *Triumph* is decreed.

The twice-born God , still gay and ever young ,  
With Ivie crown'd, first leads the glorious Throng:  
He *Ariadnes* starry Coronet  
Designs for th' brighter Beams of *Amorist* ;  
Then doth he broach his Throne ; and singing quaff  
Unto her Health his pipe of God-head off.

Him follow the recanting, vexing Nine,  
Who, wise, now sing thy lasting Fame in Wine ;  
Whilst *Phæbus* not from th' East, your Feast t'adorn,  
But from th' inspir'd *Canaries* rose this morn.

Now you are come , Winds in their Caverns sit ;  
And nothing breaths, but new enlarged Wit ;  
Hark ! One proclaims it *Pisacle* to be sad ,  
And th' people call't *Religion* to be Mad.

But now, as at a Coronation  
VVhen noyse, the guard, and trumpets are oreblown ;  
The silent Commons mark their Princes way ,  
And with still Reverence both look, and pray ;  
So they amaz'd, expecting do adore ,  
And count the rest but *Pageantry* before.

Behold! an Hoast of Virgins, pure as th<sup>r</sup> Air,  
 In her first face, ere Mists durst vail her hair;  
 Their snowy Vests, VWhite as their whiter Skin,  
 Or their far chaster whiter Thoughts within:  
 Roses they breath'd and strew'd, as if the fine  
 Heaven, did to Earth his Wreath of sweets resign;  
 They sang aloud! *Thrice, Oh Thrice happy They*  
*That can like these in Love both yield and sway.*

Next Herald Fame (a Purple Clowd her bears)  
 In an imbroider'd Coat of Eyes and Ears,  
 Proclaims the Triumph, and these Lovers glory;  
 Then in a book of Steel Records the Story.

And now a Youth of more than God-like form,  
 Did th<sup>r</sup> inward minds of the dumb Throng Alarm;  
 All nak'd, each part betray'd unto the Eye,  
 Chastly, for neither Sex ow'd he or she.  
 And this was Heav'nly Love; by his bright hand,  
 A Boy of worse than earthly stuffe did stand;  
 His Bow broke, his Fires out, and his Wings clipt,  
 And the black Slave from all his false flames stript;  
 Whose Eyes were new restor'd, but to confesse  
 This days bright bl<sup>is</sup>se, and his own wretchednesse;  
 Who swell'd with envy, bursting with disdain,  
 Did cry to cry, and weep them out again.

And now what Heav'n must I invade, what Sphere  
 Rifle of all her Stars t<sup>r</sup>in throne her there?  
 No *Phæbus*, by thy Boys fate we beware,  
 Th' unruly flames oth<sup>r</sup> firebrand, thy Carr;  
 Although she there once plac'd, thou *Sun* shouldst see  
 Thy day both Nobler governed and thee.

Drive

Drive on *Bootes* thy cold heavy wayn,  
 Then greafe thy VVheels with Amber in the Main,  
 And *Neptune*, thou to thy false *Thetis* gallop,  
*Appollo's* set within thy Bed of Scallop:  
 VVhilst *Amoret* on the reconciled VVinds  
 Mounted, and drawn by six Cælestial Minds,  
 She armed was with Innocence, and fire  
 That did not burn, for it was *Chast Desire*;  
 VVhilst a new Light doth gild the standers by;  
 Behold! it was a Day shot from her Eye;  
 Chasing perfumes oth' East did throng and sweat;  
 But by her breath, they melting back were beat.  
 A Crown of Yet-nere-lighted stars she wore,  
 In her soft hand a bleeding Heart she bore,  
 And round her lay Millions of broken more;  
 Then a wing'd Crier thrice aloud did call,  
*Let Fame proclaim this one great Prize for all.*

By her a Lady that might be call'd fair,  
 And justly, but that *Amoret* was there,  
 VVas Pris'ner led, th' unvalued Robe she wore,  
 Made infinite Lay Lovers to adore,  
 VVho vainly tempt her Rescue (madly bold)  
 Chained in sixteen thousand links of gold;  
*Chrysetta* thus (Loaden with treasures) Slave  
 Did throw the pass with Pearls, and her way pave.

But loe! the glorious Cause of all this high  
 True heav'nly state, Brave *Philamore* draws nigh!  
 VVho not himself, more seems himself to be,  
 And with a sacred Extræie doth see;

Fixt and unmov'd on's *Pillars* he doth stay ,  
 And Joy transforms him his own *Statua* ;  
 Nor hath he pow'r to breath, or strength to greet  
 The gentle Offers of his *Amoret* ,  
 VVho now amaz'd at's noble Breast doth knock ,  
 And with a Kiss his gen'rous heart unlock ;  
 VVhilst she and the whole pomp doth enter there ,  
 VVhence Her nor *Time* nor *Fate* shall ever tear.  
 But whether am I hurld ! ho ! Back ! Awake  
 From thy glad Trance ; to thine old Sorrow take !  
 Thus, after view of all the *Indies* store ,  
 The Slave returns unto his Chain and Oar ;  
 Thus *Poets* who all Night in blest Heav'ns dwell ,  
 Are call'd next morn to their true living *Hell* ;  
 So I unthrifty, to my self untrue ,  
 Rise cloath'd with real wants , 'cause wanting you,  
 And what substantial Riches I possesse ,  
 I must to these unvalued Dreams confesse.

But all our Clouds shall be oreblown, when thee  
 In our Horizon, bright, once more we see ;  
 VVhen thy dear presence shall our Souls new dress ,  
 And spring an universal cheerfulness ;  
 VVhen we shall be orewhelm'd in Joy, like they  
 That change their Night, for a vast half-years day.

Then shall the wretched Few, that do repine ,  
 See; and recant their Blasphemies in VVine ;  
 Then shall they grieve that thought I've sung to free  
 High and aloud of thy true worth and Thee ,  
 And their fowl Heresies and Lips submit  
 To th' all-forgiving Breath of *Amoret* ,

And



And me alone their angers Object call,  
That from my height so miserably did fall;  
And crie out my Invention thin and poor,  
VVho have said nought, since I could say no more,

---

E 4

*Advice*

---

*Advice to my best Brother.*

*Coll: Francis Lovelace.*

**F***Rank*, wilt live unhandſomely? truſt not too far  
Thy ſelf to waving Seas, for what thy ſtar  
Calculated by ſure event muſt be,  
Look in the Glaſſy-epithire and ſee.

Yet ſettle here your reſt, and take your ſtate,  
And in calm *Halcyon*'s neſt ev'n build your Fate;  
Prethee lye down ſecurely, *Frank*, and keep  
VVith as much noyſe the inconstant Deep  
As its Inhabitants; nay ſtedfaſt ſtand,  
As if diſcover'd were a New-found-land  
Fit for Plantation here; dream, dream ſtill,  
Lull'd in *Dione*'s cradle, dream, untill  
Horror awake your ſenſe, and you now find  
Your ſelf a bubbled paſſtime for the VVind;  
And in looſe *Thetis* blankets torn and toſt,  
*Frank* to undo thy ſelf why art at coſt?

Nor be too confident, fix'd on the ſhore,  
For even that too borrows from the ſtore  
Of her rich Neighbour, ſince now wiſeſt know,  
( And this to *Galileo*'s judgement ow )  
The palſe Earth it ſelf is every jot  
As frail, inconstant, waveing as that blot

VVe

VVe lay upon the Deep, That sometimes lies  
 Chang'd, you would think, with's botoms properties  
 But this eternal strange *ixions* wheel  
 Of giddy earth, ne'r whirling leaves to reel  
 Till all things are inverted, till they are  
 Turn'd to that Antick confus'd state they were.

VWho loves the golden mean, doth safely want  
 A cobwebb'd Cot, and wrongs entail'd npon't;  
 He richly needs a Pallace for to breed  
 Vipers and Moths, that on their feeder feed.  
 The toy that we (too true) a Mistress call,  
 VWhole Looking-glasses and feather weighs up all;  
 And Cloaths which Larks would play with, in the Sun,  
 That mock him in the Night when's course is run.

To rear an edifice by Art so high  
 That envy should not reach it with her eye,  
 Nay with a thought come neer it, would't thou know  
 How such a Structure should be rais'd & build low.  
 The blutt'ring winds invisible rough stroak,  
 More often shakes the stubborn'st, prop'rest Oak,  
 And in proud Turrets we behold withal,  
 'Tis the Imperial top declines to fall.  
 Nor does Heav'n's lightning strike the humble Vales  
 But high aspiring Mounts batters and scales.

A breast of proof defies all Shocks of Fate,  
 Fears in the best, hopes in the worser state;  
 Heaven forbid that, as of old, Time ever  
 Flourish'd in *Spring*, so contrary, now never: That

That mighty breath which blew foul Winter hither,  
Can eas'ly puffe it to a fairer weather.

VVhy dost despair then, *Franck*, *Aeolus* has  
A *Zephyrus* as well as *Boreas*.

'Tis a false Sequel, Solæcisme, 'gainst those  
Precepts by fortune giv'n us, to suppose  
That cause it is **now** ill, 't will ere be so ;  
*Apollo* doth not always bend his Bow ;  
But oft uncrowned of his Beams divine ;  
VVith his soft harp awakes the sleeping Nine.

Instrictest things magnanimous appear ,  
Greater in hope, howere thy fate, then fear :  
Draw all your Sails in quickly, though no storm  
Threaten your ruine with a sad alarm ;  
For tell me how they differ, tell me pray ,  
A cloudy tempest, and a too fair day.

An

## *An Anniversary*

*On the Hymeneals of my noble Kinsman  
Tho. Stanley Esquire.*

I

**T**He day is curl'd about agen  
To view the splendor she was in ;  
When first with hallow'd hands  
The holy man knit the mysterious bands ;  
When you two your contracted Souls did move ,  
Like *Cherubims* above ,  
And did make Love ;  
As your un-understanding issue now  
In a glad sigh, a smile, a tear, a Vow.

2.

Tell me, O self-reviving Sun,  
In thy Perigrination!

Hast thou beheld a pair  
Twist their soft beams like these in their chaste air ;  
As from bright numberlesse imbracing rayes  
Are sprung th' industrious dayes ;  
So when they gaze,  
And change their fertile Eyes with the new morn ,  
A beauteous Offspring is shot forth, not born.

3. Be

3.

Be witness then, all-seeing Sun,  
 Old Spy, thou that thy race hast run,  
 In full five thousand Rings;  
 To thee were ever purer Offerings  
 Sent on the Wings of Faith, and thou of Night  
 Curtain of their delight,  
 By these made bright,  
 Have you not marked their Cœlestial play,  
 And no more peek'd the gayeties of day.

4.

Come then pale Virgins, Roses strow,  
 Mingled with *Io's* as you go;  
 The snowy Oxe is kill'd,  
 The Fane with pros'rite Lads and Lasses fill'd,  
 You too may hope the same *seraphick* joy,  
 Old time cannot destroy,  
 Nor fulnesse cloy,  
 When like these, you shall stamp by Sympathies,  
 Thousands of new-born-loves with your chaste eyes.

Paris's

Paris's second Judgement,

Upon the three Daughters of my Dear  
Brother Mr. R. Cæsar.

Behold ! three Sister wonders, in whom met,  
Distinct and chaste, the Splendors counterfeited  
Of Juno, Venus, and the warlike Maid,  
Each in their three Divinities array'd !  
The Majesty and State of Heav'n's great Queen,  
And when she treats the gods, her noble Meen ;  
The sweet victorious beauties, and desires  
O' th' Sea-born Princess, Empreſſe too of Fires ;  
The sacred Arts, and glorious Lawrels, torn  
From the fair brow o' th' Goddeſſe Father-born ;  
All these were quarter'd in each snowy coat,  
With canton'd honours of their own to boot :  
Paris by Fate new-wak'd from his dead Cell,  
Is charg'd to give his doom impossible.  
He views in each the brav'ry of all *Ides* ;  
Whilst one, as once three, doth his Soul divide.  
Then sighs ! so equally they're glorious all,  
*What pity the whole World is but one Ball.*

Peinture

Peinture.

*A Panegyrick to the best Picture of  
Friendship Mr. Pet. Lilly.*

**I**F *Pliny* Lord High Treasurer of all  
Natures exchequer shuffled in this our ball ;  
*Pinſture*, her richer Rival, did admire,  
And cry'd ſhe wrought with more almighty fire ,  
That judg'd the unnumbered iſſue of her Scrowl ,  
Infinite and various as her Mother Soul ,  
That contemplation into matter brought ,  
Body'd *Idea's*, and cou'd form a thought :  
VVhy do I pauſe to couch the Cataract ,  
And the groſſe pearls from our dull eyes abſtract ,  
That pow'rful *Lilly* now awakened, we  
This new Creation may behold by thee.

To thy victorious pencil, all that Eyes  
And minds can reach, do bow ; the Deities  
Bold *Poets* firſt but feign'd, you do, and make ,  
And from your awe they our Devotion take.  
Your beaucous Paller firſt defin'd Loves Queen ,  
And made her in her heavenly colours ſeen ;  
You ſtrung the Bow of the Bandite her Son ,  
And tipp'd his Arrowes with Religion.

*Neptunus*



*Neptune*, as unknown as his Fish might dwell,  
 But that you seat him in his throne of Shell.  
 The thunderers Artillery, and brand  
 You fancied *Rome* in his fantastick hand.  
 And the pale frights, the pains and fears of Hell,  
 First from your sullen Melancholy fell.  
 Who cleft th' infernal Dog's loath'd head in three,  
 And spun out *Hydra's* fifty necks? by thee  
 As prepossess'd w<sup>e</sup> enjoy th' *Elizian* plain,  
 VWhich but before was flatter'd in our brain.  
 VWho ere yet view'd Airs child invisible,  
 A hollow Voice, but in thy subtile skill?  
 Faint stamm'ring *Eccho*, you so draw, that we  
 The very repercussion do see.

Cheat *Hocus-pocus*-Nature an Essay  
 O' th' Spring affords us, *Præsto* and away;  
 You all the year do chain her, and her fruits,  
 Roots to their Beds, and flowers to their Roots.  
 Have not mine eyes feasted i' th' frozen *Zone*,  
 Upon a fresh new-grown Collation  
 Of Apples, unknown sweets, that seem'd to me  
 Hanging to tempr as on the fatal Tree;  
 So delicately limn'd I vow'd to try  
 My appetite impos'd upon my Eye.

You Sir alone, Fame and all-conqu'ring Rime,  
 Files the set teeth of all devouring time.  
 VWhen Beauty once thy vertuous paint hath on,  
 Age needs not call her to Vermilion;  
 Her beams nere shed or change like th' hair of day,  
 She scatters fresh her everlasting Ray;

Nay

Nay, from her ashes her fair Virgin fire  
 Ascends, that doth new massacres conspire,  
 Whilst we wipe off the numerous score of years,  
 And do behold our Grandfire as our peers,  
 With the first Father of our House, compare  
 We do the features of our new-born Heir;  
 For though each coppied a Son, they all  
 Meet in thy first and true Original.

Sacred Luxurious! what Princess not  
 But comes to you to have her self begot?  
 As when first man was kneaded, from his side  
 Is born to's hand a ready made up Bride.  
 He husband to his issue then doth play,  
 And for more Wives remove the obstructed way:  
 So by your Art you spring up in two noons  
 What could not else be form'd by fifteen Suns;  
 Thy Skill doth an'mate the prolifick flood,  
 And thy red Oyl assimilates to blood.

Where then when all the world pays its respect,  
 Lies our transalpine barbarous Neglect?  
 When the chaste hands of pow'ful Titian,  
 Had drawn the Scourges of our God and Man,  
 And now the top of th' Altar did ascend,  
 To crown the heav'nly piece with a bright end;  
 Whilst he who to seven Languages gave Law,  
 And always like the Sun his Subjects saw;  
 Did in his Robes Imperial and gold,  
 The basis of the doubtful Ladder hold.  
 O *Charls!* A nobler monument then that,  
 Which thou thine own Executor wert at;

When

When to our huffling *Henry* there complain'd  
 A griev'd Earl, that thought his honor stain'd;  
 Away (frown'd he) for your own sateries, hast  
 In one cheap hour ten Coronets I'll cast:  
 But *Holbeen's* noble and prodigious worth,  
 Onely the pangs of an whole Age brings forth,  
*Henry!* a word so princely saving said,  
 It might new raise the ruines thou hast made.

O sacred *Peinture!* that dost fairly draw  
 What but in Mists deep inward *Poess* saw;  
 'Twixt thee and an Intelligence no ods,  
 That art of privy Council to the Gods,  
 By thee unto our eyes they do prefer  
 A stamp of their abstracted Character;  
 Thou that in frames eternity dost bind,  
 And art a written and a body'd mind;  
 To thee is Ope the *Juncto* o' th' Abyss,  
 And its conspiracy detected is;  
 Whilest their Cabal thou to our sense dost show,  
 And in thy square paint'st what they threat below.

Now my best *Lilly* let's walk hand in hand,  
 And smile at this un-understanding land;  
 Let them their own dull counterfeits adore,  
 Their Rainbow-cloaths admire, and no more;  
 Within one shade of thine more substance is  
 Than all their varnish'd Idol-Mistresses:  
 Whilst great *Vasari* and *Vermander* shall  
 Interpret the deep mystery of all,

F

And

When

And I unto our modern Piets shall show,  
What due renown to thy fair Art they owe;  
In the delineated lives of those,  
By whom this everlasting Lawrel grows:  
Then if they will not gently apprehend,  
Let one great blot give to their fame an end;  
Whilst no Poetick flower their Herse doth dresse,  
But perish they and their Effigies.

To

To my Dear Friend Mr. E. R. On his  
Poems Moral and Divine.

CLeft, as the top of the inspired Hill,  
Struggles the Soul of my divided Quill,  
Whilst this foot doth the watry mount aspire,  
That *Sinai's* living and enlivening fire,  
Behold my powers storm'd by a twisted light  
O' th' Sun, and his, first kindled his Sight,  
And my lost thoughts invoke the Prince of day;  
My right to th' Spring of it and him do pray.

Say happy youth, crown'd with a heavenly ray  
Of the first Flame, and interwreathed bay,  
Inform my Soul in Labour to begin,  
Is or *Anthems*, *Poems* or a *Hymne*.  
Shall I a Hecatomb on thy Tripod slay,  
Or my devotions at thy Altar pay?  
While which t' adore th' amaz'd World cannot tell  
The sublime Urim or deep Oracle.

Heark how the moving chords temper our brain,  
As when *Apollo* serenades the main,  
Old *Ocean* smooths his sullen furrow'd front,  
And *Nereids* do glide soft measures on't;  
Whilst th' Air puts on its sleekest smoothest face,  
And each doth turn the others Looking-glasse;  
So by the sinewy Lyre now brook we see  
Into soft calms all storms of Poésie,

I.

And

And former thundering and lightning Lines,  
And Verse, now in its native lustre shines.

How wert thou hid within thy self! how shut!  
Thy pretious Iliads lock'd up in a Nut!  
Not hearing of thee thou dost break out strong,  
Invading forty thousand men in Song;  
And we secure in our thin empty heat,  
Now find our selves at once surpris'd and beat,  
Whilst the most valiant of our Wits now sue,  
Fling down their arms, ask Quarter too of you.

So cabin'd up in its disguis'd course rust,  
And Scurf'd all ore with its unseemly crust.  
The Diamond, from 'midst the humbler stones,  
Sparkling, shoots forth the price of Nations.

Ye safe unridlers of the Stars, pray tell,  
By what name shall I stamp my miracle?  
Thou strange inverted *Aeson*, that leap'd ore,  
From thy first Infancy into fourscore,  
That to thine own self hast the Midwife play'd,  
And from thy brain spring'd forth the heav'nly maid  
Thou Staffe of him, bore him, that bore our sins,  
Which but set down to bloom, and bear begins,  
Thou Rod of *Aaron* with one motion hurl'd,  
Bud'd it a perfume of Flowers through the World.  
Thou strange calcined Seeds within a glass,  
Each Species *Idea* spring'd it as 't was;  
Bright Vestal Flame, that kindled but ev'n now,  
For ever dost thy sacred fires throw.

Thus the repeated Acts of *Nestor's* Age,  
That now had three times ore out-liv'd the Stage:

And

And all those beams contracted into one,  
*Alcides* in his Cradle hath our done.

But all these flour'ishing biews with which I dy  
 Thy Virgin Paper, now are vain as I;  
 For 'bove the Poets Heav'n th' art taught to shine,  
 And move, as in thy proper Christalline;  
 Whence that Mole-hill *Parnassus* thou dost view,  
 And us small *Ants* there dabling in its dew;  
 Whence thy *Seraphick* Soul such Hymns doth play,  
 As those to which first danced the first day,  
 Where with a *thorn* from the *world-ransoming wreath*  
 Thou stung dost *Antiphons* and *Anthems* breath;  
 Where with an *Angels* quill dip'd i' th' *Lambs* blood,  
 Thou sing'st our *Pelicans* all-saving Flood,  
 And bath'st thy thoughts in everliving streams  
 Rench'd from Earth's tainted, fat, and heavy steams.  
 There move translated youth inroll'd i' th' *Quire*,  
 That only doth with wholly lays inspire;  
 To whom his burning Coach *Eliab* sent,  
 And th' royal Prophet-priest his Harp hath lent,  
 Which thou dost tune in consort, unto those  
 Clap Wings for ever at each hallow'd close;  
 Whilst we now weak and fainting in our praise,  
 Sick, Eccho ore thy *Halleluiahs*.

To my Noble Kinsman T. S. Esq;  
 On his *Lyrick* P O E M S composed  
 by Mr. J. G.

1.  
**W**Hat means this stately Tablature,  
 The Ballance of thy streins?  
 Which seems, in stead of sitting pure,  
 T' extend and rack thy veins;  
 Thy *Ode*: first their own Harmony did break,  
 For singing troth is but in tune to speak.

2.  
 Nor thus thy golden Feet and Wings,  
 May it be thought false Melody  
 T' ascend to heav'n by silver strings,  
 This is *Urania's* Heraldry:  
 Thy royal Poem now we may extol,  
 And truly *Luna* Blazon'd upon *Sol*.

3.  
 As when *Amphion* first did call  
 Each listning stone from's Den;  
 And with the Lute did form his Wall,  
 But with his words the men;  
 So in your twisted Numbers now, you thus,  
 Not only stocks perswade, but ravish us.

Thus



-4-

Thus do your Ayrs Eccho o're

The Notes and *Anthems* of the *Spheres*;  
And their whole Consort back restore,

As if Earth too would blesse Heav'n's Ears:  
But yet the Spoaks by which they scal'd so high,  
*Gamble* hath wisely laid of *Vt Re Mi*.

*On the Best, last, and only remaining  
Comedy of Mr. Fletcher.*

The Wild Goose Chase.

I'M un-ore-clowded too ! free from the mist !  
The *Blind* and late *Heavens-eyes* great *Oculist* ,  
*Obscured* with the *false fires* of His Sceme ,  
Not half those Souls are lightned by this Theme.

Unhappy Murmurers, that still repine,  
( After th' *Eclipse* our Sun doth brighter shine )  
Recant your false grief and your true joys know ,  
Your blisse is endlesse, as you fear'd your Woe !  
What fort'nate *Flood* is this ? what *Storm* of Wit ?  
Oh who would *live* and not *ore-whelm'd* in it ?  
No more a *fatal Deluge* shall be hurl'd ,  
This *inundation* hath sav'd the world.  
Once more the mighty *Fletcher* doth arise  
Roab'd in a velt, studded with Stars and Eyes

Of all his former Glories ; His last worth  
 Imbroidered with what yet light ere brought forth.  
 See ! in this glad farewell he doth appear  
 Stuck with the *Constellations* of his *Sphere* ,  
 Fearing we Numm'd fear'd no Flagrations ,  
 Hath curled all his Fires in this one *One* ;  
 Which (as they guard his hallowed chaste Urn)  
 The dull approaching Hereticks do burn.

*Fletcher* at his adieu carouses thus ,  
 To the Luxurious Ingenious.  
 As *Cleopatra* did of old out-vie ,  
 Th' unn-umbred dishes of her *Anthony* ,  
 When he (at th' empty board a wonderer )  
 Smilings he calls for Pearl and Vineger ;  
 First pledges him in's *Breath* , then at one Draught  
 Swallows *Three Kingdomes* off *To his best Thought* .  
 Hear oh ye valiant Writers, and subscribe ;  
 (His force set by) y' are conquer'd by this Bribe.  
 Though you *hold out your selves* , He doth commit  
 In this a sacred Treason in your wit :  
 Although in Poems desperately stout ,  
 Give up ; This Overture must *Buy you out* .

Thus with some prodigal Us'rer 't doth fare  
 That keeps his gold still *Vayl'd* , his Steel-breast bare ;  
 That doth exceed his Coffers all but's *Eye* ,  
 And his eyes Idol the wing'd *Daisy* :  
 That cannot lock his *Mines* with half the Art  
 As some rich Beauty doth his wretched *Heart* ;  
 Wild at his real Poverty, and so wise

To win her, turns himself into a *prize*.  
 First startles her with th' *Emerald Mad-lover*  
 The *Ruby Arcas*, lest she should recover  
 Her dizz'led Thought a *Diamond* he throws,  
 Splendid in all the bright *Aspatia's* woes;  
 Then to sum up the Abstract of his store,  
 He flings a *rope of Pearl* of forty more.  
 Ah see! the *flagg'ring Virtue* faints! which he  
 Beholding, darts his *Wealth's Epitome*;  
 And now, to consummate her wished fall,  
 Shews this one *Carbuncle* that *Darkens* all.

---

*To Dr. F. B. On his Book of Chess.*

SIR, now unravell'd is the Golden Fleece:  
 Men that could only fool at Fox and Geese,  
 Are new made Politicians by thy Book,  
 And both can judge and conquer with a Look.  
 The hidden fate of Princes you unfold;  
 Court, Clergy, Commons, by your Law control'd;  
 Strange, Serious Wantoning, all that they  
 Bluster'd, and clutter'd for, *you play*.

To

*To the Genius of Mr. John Hall*

*On his excellent Translation of Hierocles  
his Comment upon the golden Verses  
of Pythagoras.*

**T**Is not from cheap thanks thinly to repay  
Th' Immortal Grove of thy fair order'd bay,  
Thou planted'st round my humble Fane, that I  
Stick on thy Hearse this Sprig of *Elegie* :  
Nor that your Soul so fast was link'd in me,  
That now I've both since 't has forsaken thee :  
That thus I stand a Swisse before thy gate,  
And dare for such another time and fate.  
Alas ! our Faiths made different Essays,  
Our *Minds* and *Merits* brake two several ways ;  
Justice commands, I wake thy learned Dust  
And truth, in whom all causes center must.

Behold ! when but a Youth thou fierce didst whip  
Upright the crooked Age, and gilt Vice strip ;  
A Senator *prætor t. t.*, that knew'd to sway  
The fasces, yet under the Ferula ;  
Rank'd with the Sage ere blossome did thy Chin  
Sleeked without, and Hair all ore within ;  
Who in the School could'st argue as in Schools,  
Thy Lessons were ev'n Academie rules.

So that fair *Cass* saw thee matriculate  
At once a Tyro and a Graduate.

At nineteen what *Essays* have we beheld!  
That well might have the Book of *Dogmas* swell'd;  
Tough *Paradoxes*, such as *Tully's*, thou  
Didst heat thee with, when snowy was thy Brow,  
When thy mndown'd face mov'd the Nine to shake,  
And of the Muses did a Decad make;  
What shall I say, by what Allusion bold,  
*None but the Sun was ere so young and old.*

Young reverend shade, ascend a while! whilst we  
Now celebrate this Posthume Victorie,  
This Victory that doth contract in Death  
Ev'n all the pow'rs and labours of thy breath;  
Like the *Judean Hero*, in thy fall  
Thou pull'st the house of Learning on us all.  
And as that Soldier Conquest doubred not,  
Who but one Splinter had of *Castriot*,  
But would assault ev'n death so strongly charmd,  
And naked oppose rocks with this bone arm'd;  
So we secure in this fair Relique stand,  
The Slings and Darts shot by each profane Hand,  
These Sovereign leaves thou left'st us are become  
*Sear clothes* against all Times Infection.

Sacred *Hierocles*! whose heav'nly thought,  
First acted ore this Comment ere it wrought;  
Thou hast so spirited, elixir'd, we  
Conceive there is a noble Alchymie,  
That's turning of this Gold, to something more  
Pretious then Gold we never knew before.

Who

Who now shall doubt the Metempsychosis,  
 Of the great Author, that shall peruse this?  
 Let others Dream thy shadow wandering strays  
 In th' *Elizian Mazes*, hid with bays;  
 Or that snatcht up in th' upper Region  
 'Tis kindled there a Constellation;  
 I have inform'd me, and Declare with ease,  
*Thy Soul is fled into Hierocles.*

*On Sanazar's being honoured with six  
 hundred Duckets by the Clarissimi  
 of Venice, for composing an  
 Eligiack Hexastick of  
 The City.*

## A S A T Y R E.

**T** Was a blith Prince exchang'd five hundred Crowns  
 For a fair Turnip; Dig, Dig on, O Clowns!  
 But how this comes about, *Fates* can you tell,  
 This more then Maid of Meurs, this miracle?  
 Let me not live, if I think not *St. Mark*,  
 Has all the Oar, as well as Beasts in's Ark;  
 No wonder 'tis he marries the rich Sea,  
 But to betroth him to nak'd Poesie,  
 And with a bankrupt Muse to merchandise,  
 His treasures beams sure have put out his eyes.

His

His Conquest at *Lepanto* I'll let pass,  
 When the sick Sea with *Turbants* Night-cap'd was;  
 And now at *Caudie* his full Courage shown,  
 That wain'd to a wan line the half-half Moon;  
 This is a wreath, this is a Victorie,  
*Caesar* himself would have look'd pale to see,  
 And in the height of all his Triumphs, feel  
 Himself but chain'd to such a mighty wheel.

And now me thinks we ape *Augustus* state,  
 So ugly we his high worth imitate,  
 Monkey his Godlike glories; so that we  
 Keep light and form, with such deformitie,  
 As I have seen an arrogant Baboon  
 With a small piece of Glasse Zany the Sun.

*Rome* to her Bard, who did her battails sing,  
 Indifferent gave to Poet and to King;  
 VVith the same Lawrells were his Temples fraught  
 VVho best had written, and who best had fought;  
 The Self same fame they equally did feel,  
 One's style ador'd as much as th' other's Steel.  
 A chain or fasces she could then afford  
 The Sons of *Phæbus*, we an Axe, or Cord;  
 Sometimes a Coroner was her renown,  
 And ours the dear prerogative of a Crown.  
 In marble statu'd walks great *Lucan* lay,  
 And now we walk our own pale *Statua*:  
 They the whole yeer with roses crown'd would dine  
 And we in all *December* know no wine;  
 Disciplin'd, dieted, sure there hath bin,  
 Ods 'twixt a Poet and a Capuchin,

Of Princes, Women, VVine, to sing I see  
 Is no *Apocrypha*, for to rise high  
 Commend this Olio of this Lord 'tis fit,  
 Nay ten to one but you have part of it;  
 There is that justice left, since you maintain  
 His table, he should counter-feed your brain.  
 Then write how well he in his Sack hath droll'd,  
 Straight there's a Bottle to your chamber roll'd.  
 Or with embroidered words praise his *French Suit*,  
 Month hence 'tis yours, with his Mans to boot;  
 Or but applaud his boss'd Legs, two to none,  
 But he most nobly doth give you one:  
 Or spin an Elegie on his false hair,  
 'Tis well he cries, but living hair is dear;  
 Yet say that out of order ther's one curl,  
 And all the hopes of your reward you furl.

VVrite a deep epick Poem, and you may  
 As soon delight them as the *Opera*,  
 VVhere they *Diogenes* thought in his Tub,  
 Never so sowre did look, so sweet a club.

You that do suck for thirst your black quill's blood,  
 And chew your labour'd papers for your food,  
 I will inform you how and what to praise,  
 Thenskinny' in Satin as young *Lovelace* plaies.  
 Beware, as you would your fierce guests, your lice,  
 To strip the cloath of Gold from cherish'd vice;  
 Rather stand off with awe and reverend fear,  
 Hang a poetick pendant in her Ear.  
 Court her as her Adorers do their glasse,  
 Though that as much of a true Subitance has,

VVhile



VVhilst all the gall from your wild ink you drain,  
 The beauteous Sweets of Vertues Cheeks to stain;  
 And in your Livery let her be known,  
 As poor and tattered as in her own.  
 Nor write, nor speak you more of sacred writ,  
 But what shall force up your arrested wit.  
 Be chaste Religion, and her Priests your scorn,  
 VVhilst the vain Fanes of Idiots you adorn.  
 It is a mortal errour you must know,  
 Of any to speak good, if he be so.  
 Rayl till your edged breath flea your raw throat,  
 And burn all marks on all of generous note;  
 Each verse be an inditement, be not free,  
 Sanctity 't self from thy Scurrility.  
 Libel your Father, and your Dam *Buffoon*,  
 The Noblest Matrons of the Isle *Lampoon*,  
 VVhilst *Arctine* and 's bodies you dispute,  
 And in your sheets your Sister prostitute.

Yet there belongs a Sweetnesse, softnesse too,  
 VVhich you must pay, but first pray know to who.  
 There is a Creature, (if I may so call  
 That unto which they do all prostrate fall)  
 Term'd Mistress, when they'r angry, but pleas'd high  
 It is a Princesse, Saint, Divinity.  
 To this they sacrifice the whole days light,  
 Then lye with their Devotion all night;  
 For this you are to dive to the Abyss,  
 And rob for Pearl the Closet of some Fish.  
*Arabia* and *Saba* you must strip  
 Of all their Sweets, for to supply her Lip;

And

And steal new fire from Heav'n for to repair  
 Her unfledg'd Scalp with *Berenice's* hair ;  
 Then seat her in *Cassiopeia's* Chair ,  
 As now you're in your Coach. Save you bright Sir  
 (O spare your thanks) is not this finer far  
 Then walk un-hid'd, when that every Stone  
 Has knock'd acquaintance with your Ankle bone ?  
 VVhen your wing'd papers, like the last dove, nere  
 Return'd to quit you of your hope or fear ,  
 But left you to the mercy of your Host ,  
 And your days fare, a fortified Toast.

How many battels sung in Epick strain ,  
 Would have procur'd your *head thatch* from the rain ?  
 Not all the arms of *Thebes* and *Troy* would get  
 One knife but to anatomize your meat ,  
 A funeral Elegy with a sad boon  
 Might make you (*hei*) sip wine like Maccaroon ;  
 But if perchance there did a Riband come ,  
 Not the Train-band so fierce with all its drum ;  
 Yet with your torch you homeward would retire ,  
 And heart'ly wish your bed your fun'ral Pyre.

With what a fury have I known you feed ,  
 Upon a Contract, and the hopes 't might speed ;  
 Not the fair Bride, impatient of delay,  
 Doth wish like you the Beauties of that day ;  
 Hotter than all the roasted Cooks you sat  
 To dresse the fricace of your Alphabet , (grame ,  
 Which sometimes would be drawn dough Ana-  
 Sometimes Acrostick parched in the Flame ;

Then

Then Posies flew'd with Sippers, motto's by,  
 Of minced Verse a miserable Pye.  
 How many knots slip'd ere you twist their name,  
 With th' old device, as both their Heart's the same:  
 Whilst like to drills the Feast in your false jaw,  
 You would transmit at leasure to your Maw;  
 Then after all your fooling, fat, and wine,  
 Glutton'd at last, return at home to pine.

Tell me, O Sun, since first your beams did play  
 To Night, and did awake the sleeping day;  
 Since first your steeds of Light their race did start,  
 Did you ere blush as now? Oh thou that art  
 The common Father to the base Pissmire,  
 As well as great *Alcides*, did the fire,  
 From thine owne Altar which the gods adore,  
 Kindle the Souls of Gnats and Wasps before?

Who would delight in his chaste eyes to see,  
 Dormise to strike at Lights of Poesie?  
 Faction and Envy now is downright Rage,  
 Once a five knotted whip there was, the Stage;  
 The Beadle and the Executioner,  
 To whip small Errors, and the great ones tear,  
 Now as er'e *Nimrod* the first King, he writes,  
 That's strongest, th' ablest deepest bites.  
 The Muses weeping fly their Hill, to see  
 Their noblest Sons of peace in Mutinie.  
 Could there nought else this civil war compleat,  
 But Poets raging with Poetick heat,  
 Tearing themselves and th' endlessse *wreath*, as though  
 Immortal they, their wrath should be so too;

And doubly fir'd *Apollo* burns to see  
 In silent *Helicon* a Naumachie,  
*Parnassus* hears these as his first alarms,  
 Never till now *Minerva* was in arms.

O more then Conqu'ror of the *World* great *Rome* !  
 Thy *Hero's* did with gentleness or'e come  
 Thy Foes themselves, but one another first,  
 Whilst *Envy* stript, alone was left, and burst.  
 The learn'd *Decemviri*, 'tis true did strive,  
 But to add flames to keep their fame alive;  
 Whilst the eternal Lawrel hung ich' Air;  
 Nor of these ten Sons was there found one Heir,  
 Like to the golden Tripod it did pass,  
 From this to this, till 't came to him whose 't was:  
*Cesar* to *Gallus* trundled it, and he  
 To *Maro*, *Maro*, *Naso*, unto thee;  
*Naso* to his *Tibullus* flung the wreath,  
 He to *Catullus* thus did each bequeath,  
 This glorious Circle to another round,  
 At last the Temples of their God it bound.

I might believe, at least, that each might have  
 A quiet fame contented in his Grave,  
 Envy the living not the dead, doth bite, } *Ov.*  
 For after death all men receive their right. } *El. 15.*  
 If it be Sacrilege for to profane  
 Their Holy Ashes, what is't then their Flame?  
 He does that wrong unweeting or in Ire,  
 As if one should put out the Vestal fire.

Let Earths four quarters speak, and thou *Sun* bear  
 Now witnesse for thy Fellow-Traveller,

I was ally'd dear *Uncle* unto thee  
 In blood, but thou alas not unto me;  
 Your vertues, pow'rs, and mine differ'd at best,  
 As they whose Springs you saw, the East and West:  
 Let me a while be twisted in thy Shine,  
 And pay my due devotions at thy Shrine.

Might learned *Waynman* rise, who went with thee  
 In thy Heav'ns work beside Divinity,  
 I should sit still; or mighty *Falkland* stand,  
 To justifie with breath his powerful hand;  
 The glory that doth circle your pale Urn  
 Might hallow'd still and undefiled burn;  
 But I forbear; Flames that are wildly thrown  
 At sacred heads, curl back upon their own;  
 Sleep heav'nly *Sands*, whilst what they do or write,  
 Is to give God himself and you your right.

There is not in my mind one sullen Fate  
 Of old, but is concentred in our state.  
 Vandall ore-runners, Goths in Literature,  
 Ploughmen that would *Parnassus* new manure;  
 Ringers of Verse that All-in chime,  
 And toll the changes upon every Rhime.  
 A Mercer now by th' yard does measure ore  
 An Ode which was but by the foot before;  
 Deals you an Ell of Epigram, and swears  
 It is the strongest and the finest Wears.  
 No wonder if a Drawer Verses Rack,  
 It 'tis not his 't may be the Spir't of Sack;  
 Whilst the Fair Bar-maid stroaks the Muses teat,  
 For milk to make the Posset up compleat.

Arise thou rev'rend shade, great *Johnson* rise !  
 Break through thy marble natural disguise ;  
 Behold a milt of Insects, whose meer Breath ,  
 Will melt thy hallow'd leaden house of Death.  
 What was *Crispinus* that you should defie  
 The Age for him, he durst not look so high  
 As your immortal Rod, He still did stand  
 Honour'd, and held his forehead to thy brand.  
 These Scorpions with which we have to do,  
 Are Fiends, not only small but deadly too.  
 Well mightst thou rive thy Quill up to the Back  
 And scrue thy Lyre's grave chords untill they crack.  
 For though once Hell resent'd Musick, these  
 Divels will not, but are in worse disease.  
 How would thy masc'line Spirit, Farther *Ben* ,  
 Sweat to behold basely deposed men ,  
 Justled from the Prerog'ive of their Bed ,  
 Whilst *wives* are per-wig'd with their *husbands* head.  
 Each snatches the male quill from his faint hand  
 And must both nobler write and understand ,  
 He to her fury the soft plume doth bow ,  
 O Pen, nere truely justly slit till now !  
 Now as her self a Poem she doth dresse ,  
 And curls a Line as she would do a tresse ;  
 Powders a Sonnet as she does her hair ,  
 Then prostitutes them both to publick Aire  
 Nor is 't enough that they their faces blind  
 With a false dye, but they must paint their mind;  
 In meeter scold, and in scann'd order brawl ,  
 Yet there's one *Sapho* left may save them all.

But

But now let me recal my passion,  
Oh (from a noble Father, nobler Son!)  
You that alone are the *Clarissimi*,  
And the whole gen'rous state of *Venice* be,  
It shall not be recorded *Sanazar*  
Shall boast inthron'd alone this new made star;  
You whose correcting Sweetness hath forbad  
Shame to the good, and glory to the bad,  
Whose honour hath ev'n into vertue tam'd,  
These Swarms that now so angerly I nam'd.  
Forgive what thus distemper'd I indite,  
For it is hard a *Satyre* not to write.  
Yet as a Virgin that heats all her blood,  
At the first motion of bad understood,  
Then at meer thought of fair chastity,  
Straight cools again the Tempests of her Sea;  
So when to you I my devotions raise,  
*All wrath and storms do end in calms and praise.*

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*Translations.*

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## TRANSLATIONES.

## Sanazarî Hexasticon.

**V**iderat Adriacis quondam Neptunus in undis  
 Stare Urbem, & toto ponere Jura mari:  
 Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis Jupiter Arces  
 Objice & illa mihi mœnia Martis, ait,  
 Seu pelago Tibrim præfers, Urbem aspice utramque,  
 Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.

*In Virgilium. Pentadii*

Pastor, Arator, Eques; pavi, colui, superavi;  
 Capras, Rus, Hostes; fronde, ligone, manu.

*De Scævola.*

Lictorem pro Rege necans nunc Mutius ultero  
 Sacrifico propriam concremat igne manu:  
 Miratur Porfenna virum, penamque relaxans  
 Maxima cum obsecsis fadera victor inis,  
 Plus flammis patria confert quam fortibus armis,  
 Una domans bellum funere dextra sua.

*De Catone.*

Invictus victis in partibus omnia Cæsar  
 Vincere qui potuit, te Cato non potuit.

*Item.*



## TRANSLATIONS

Sanazar's *Hexastick*.

**I**N *Adriatick* waves when *Neptune* saw,  
 The City stand, and give the Seas a Law,  
 Now i'th *Tarpeian* tow'rs *Jove* rival me,  
 And *Mars* his Walls impregnable, said he;  
 Let Seas to *Tyber* yield, view both their ods,  
 You'l grant that built by Men, but this by Gods.

*In English.*

A Swain, Hind, Knight; I fed, till'd, did command  
 Goats, Fields, my Foes; with leaves, a spade, my hand.

*Englished.*

The hand by which no King but Serjeant dies,  
*Mutins* in fire doth freely Sacrifice;  
 The Prince admires the *Hero*, quits his pains,  
 And *Victor* from the seige peace entertains;  
*Rome* more oblig'd to Flames, than Arms or pow'r,  
 When one burnt hand shall the whole war devour.

*Of Cato.*

The World orecome, victorious *Cesar*, he  
 That conquer'd all; great *Cato*, could not thee.

Another

*Item.*

*Idem non potuit primo Cato solvere vitam ;  
Defecit tanto vulnere victa manus :  
Altius inferni digitos, quàm spiritus ingens  
Exiret, magnum dextera fecit iter.  
Opposuit fortuna moram, involvitque Catonis  
Scires, ut ferro plus valuisse manum.*

*Item.*

*Jussa manus sacri pectus violare Catonis  
Hæsit, & inceptum victa reliquit opus.  
Ille ait infesto contra sua vulnera vultu,  
Estne aliquid magnum quod Cato non potuit ?*

*Item.*

*Dextera quid dubitas ? durum est jugulare Catonem ;  
Sed modo liber erit, jam puto non dubitas :  
Fas non est vivo quenquam servire Catone ,  
Nedum ipsum vincit nunc Cato si moritur .*

*Pantadii.*

*Non est, falleris, hac beata non est  
Quod vos creditis esse, vita non est,  
Fulgentes manibus videre gemmas  
Et Testudineo jacere lecto ,  
Aut pluma latus abdidiſſe molli ,  
Aut auro bibere, aut cubare cocco ,  
Regales dapibus gravare mensas ,  
Et quicquid Lybico ſecatur arvo ,  
Non unâ poſſum tenera cella :  
Sed nullos trepidum timere caſus,*

*Nec*

*Another.*

One stabbe could not pierce *Cato's* Life untry ;  
 Onely his hand of all that wound did dy ;  
 Deeper his Fingers tear to make a way  
 Open, through which his mighty Soul might stray.  
 Fortune made this delay to let us know ,  
 That *Cato's* hand more then his Sword could do.

*Another.*

The hand of sacred *Cato* bad to tear  
 His breast, did start, and the made wound forbear ,  
 Then to the gath he said with angry brow ,  
 And is there ought great *Cato* cannot do ?

*Another.*

What doubt'st thou hand ? sad *Cato* 'tis to kill ;  
 But he'll be free, sure hand thou doubt'st not still ;  
*Cato* alive 'tis just all men be free ,  
 Nor conquers he himself now if he die.

*Englisht.*

It is not, y' are deceav'd, it is not blisse  
 What you conceive a happy living is ;  
 To have your hands with Rubies bright to glow ,  
 Then on your Tortoise-bed your body throw ,  
 And sink your self in Down, to drink in gold ,  
 And have your looser self in purple roll'd ;  
 With Royal fare to make the Tables groan ,  
 Or else with what from *Lybick* fields is mown ,  
 Nor in one vault hoard all your Magazine ,  
 But at no Cowards fate t' have frighted bin, But

*Nec vano populi favore tangi,  
Et stricto nihil astuare ferro:  
Hoc quisquis poterit, licebit illi  
Fortunam moveat loco superbus.*

*Ad M. T. Ciceronem.*

*Catul. Ep. 50.*

*Disertissimæ Romuli nepotum  
Quot sunt, quotque fuere Marce Tulli,  
Quotque post alios erunt in annos,  
Gratias tibi maximas Catullus  
Agit pessimus omnium Poeta,  
Tanto pessimus omnium Poeta;  
Quanto tu optimus omnium Patronus.*

*Ad Juvencium. Cat. Ep. 49.*

*Mellitos oculos tuos Juvenci  
Si quis me sinat usque basiare,  
Usque ad millia basiem trecenta;  
Nec unquam videat satur futurus;  
Non si densior aridis aristis,  
Sit nostra seges Osculationis.*

*De Puero & Pracone. Catul.*

*Cum puero bello praconem qui videt esse,  
Quid credat? nisi se vendere discipere.*

*Portii Licinii.*

*Si Phœbi Soror es mando tibi Delia causam;  
Scilicet ut fratri qua peto verba feras:*

*Marmore*

Nor with the peoples breath to be swol'n great,  
 Nor at a drawn *Stiletto* basely swear.  
 He that dares this, nothing to him's unfit,  
 But proud o' th' top of Fortunes wheel may sit.

*To Marcus T. Cicero.*

*In an English Pentastick.*

Tully to thee *Rome's* eloquent Sole Heir,  
 The best of all that are, shall be, and were:  
 I the worst Poet send my best thanks and pray'r,  
 Ev'n by how much the worst of Poets I  
 By so much you the best of Patrones be.

*To Juvencius.*

*Juvencius* thy fair sweet Eyes,  
 If to my fill that I may kisse,  
 Three hundred thousand times I'de kisse,  
 Nor future age should cloy this Blisse;  
 No not if thicker than ripe ears,  
 The harvest of our kisses bears.

*Catul.*

With a fair boy a Cryer we behold.  
 What should we think? but he would not be sold.

*Englisht.*

If you are *Phæbus* Sister *Delia*, pray  
 This my request unto the Sun convey:

*Marmore Sicavo struxi tibi Delphice templum ,  
 Et levibus calamis candida verba dedi.  
 Nunc si nos audis, atque ei divinus Apollo ,  
 Dic mihi qui nummos non habet unde petat.*

*Seneca ex Cleanthe.*

*Duc me Parens celsique Dominator poli  
 Quocunque placuit, nulla parendi mora est  
 Adsum impiger, fac nolle, comitabor gemens,  
 Malusque patiar facere, quod licuit bono  
 Ducunt volentem Fata, nolentem trahunt.*

*Quinti Catuli.*

*Constiteram exorientem Aurorem forte salutans  
 Cum subito à levâ Roscius exoritur.  
 Pace mihi liceat, cœlestes dicere vestrâ  
 Mortalis Visu pulchrior esse Deo.  
 Blanditur puero Satyrus vultuque manuque ,  
 Nolenti similis retrahit ora puer:  
 Quem non commoveat quamvis de marmore? fundis  
 Penè preces Satyrus; penè puer Lachrymas.*

*Floridi. de Ebrioso.*

*Phabus me in somnis vetuit potare Lyaum ,  
 Pareo praeceptis, tunc bibo cum vigilo.*

*De Asino qui dentibus Aeneidem consumpsit.  
 Carminis Iliaci libros consumpsit Asellus ,  
 Hoc Fatum Troia est, aut Equus aut Asinus.*

*Auso.*

O Delphick God, I built thy marble Fane,  
 And sung thy praises with a gentle Cane,  
 Now if thou art divine *Apollo*, tell,  
 Where he whose purse is empty may go fill.

*Englisht.*

Parent and Prince of Heav'n O lead I pray,  
 Where ere you please; I follow and obey;  
 Active I go, fighting if you gainsay,  
 And suffer bad what to the good was law,  
 Fates lead the willing, but unwilling draw.

*Englisht.*

As once I had good morning to the day,  
 O' th' sudden *Roscin* breaks in a bright Ray:  
 Gods with your favour, I've presum'd to see,  
 A mortal fairer then a Deitie.  
 With looks and hands a Satyre courts the boy,  
 Who draws back his unwilling Cheek as coy.  
 Although of Marble hewn, whom move not they?  
 The Boy Ev'n seems to weep, the Satyre pray.

*Of a Drunkard.*

*Phœbus* a sleep forbad me Wine to take,  
 I yield; and now am only drunk awake.

*The Ass eating the Æneids.*

A wretched Ass the *Æneids* did destroy,  
 A Horse or Ass is still the fate of *Troy*.

*Englisht.*

*Anso. lib. Epig.*

*Trinariî quodam currentem in littoris ora  
Ante canes leporem Caruleum rapuit ;  
At lepus ! in me omnis terra pelagique rapina est  
Forſitan & cœli, ſi canis aſtra tenet.*

*Anſo lib. Epig.*

*Polla, potentia, tribon. baculus, ſcyphus, arcta ſupellex  
Hac fuerant Cinici, ſed putat hanc nimiam :  
Namque cavis manibus cernens potare bubulcum,  
Cur, ſcyphe, te, dixit, guſto ſupervacuum ?*

*Anſo. lib. 1. Epig.*

*Theſauro invento qui limina mortis inhibat,  
Liquit evans laqueum quo periturus erat,  
At qui quod terra abdiderat non repperit aurum,  
Quem laqueum invenit nexuit & periit.*

*A la Chabor.*

*Objet adorable et charmant,  
Mes ſouſpirs & mes pleurs te ſignifient mon torment ;  
Mais mes reſpects m'empêchent de parler ;  
Ah ! que peine diſſimuler  
Et que je ſouffre de martyre  
D'aimer et de n'oſer le dire.*

*Theophile*



*Englisht.*

On the *Scicilian* strand a Hare well wrought  
Before the Hounds was by a Dog-fish caught ;  
Quoth she ; all rape of Sea and Earth's on me  
Perhaps of Heav'n, if there a Dog-star be.

*Englisht.*

The *Cynicks* narrow household stuffe of Crutch ,  
A stool and dish, was lumber thought too much ;  
For whilst a Hind drinks out on's palms, o'th'strand  
He flings his dish, cries, I've one in my hand.

*Englisht.*

A treasure found one entering at death's gate ,  
Triumphing, leaves that cord was meant his fate,  
But he the gold missing which he did hide,  
The Halter which he found, he knit, so dy'd.

*To the same Ayre in English, thus,*

Object adorable of charms  
My sighs and tears may testifie my harms  
But my respect forbids me to reveal ;  
Ah what a pain 'tis to conceal ,  
And how I suffer worse then Hell ,  
To love and not to dare to tell.

Theophile being deny'd his addresses to King  
James, turned the Affront, to his own  
glory, in this Epigram.

Si Jaques le Roy du scavoir  
Ne trouue bon de me voir  
Voila la cause infallible,  
Car ravy de mon escrit  
Il creut que j'estois tout esprit  
Et par consequent invisible.

Ansonius.

Vane quid affectas faciem mihi ponere pictor  
Ignoramque oculis sollicitare manu?  
Aeris & Venti sum filia, mater inanis  
Indicii; vocem qua sine mente gero.  
Auribus in vestris habito penetrabilis Echo;  
Si mihi vis similem pingere, pingere sonos.

Auson.

Toxica Zelotypo dedit uxor macha marito,  
Nec satis ad mortem credidit esse datums;  
Miscuit argenti lethalia pondera vivi  
Ut celeret certam vis geminata necem.  
Ergo inter sese dum noxia pocula certant  
Cessit lethalis noxa saluiferi

Putois

*Lineally Translated out of the*  
**F R E N C H.**

If *James* the King of wit  
 To see me thought not fit,  
 Sure this the cause hath been,  
 That ravish'd with my merit,  
 He thought I was all spirit,  
 And so not to be seen.

*In English.*

Vain Painter why dost strive my face to draw,  
 With busy hands a Goddesse eyes nere saw:  
 Daughter of Air and Wind; I do rejoyce  
 In empty shouts (without a mind) a Voice.  
 Within your ears shrill echo I rebound,  
 And if you'l paint me like, then paint a sound.

*In English.*

Her jealous Husband an Adultresse gave  
 Cold poysons, which to weak she thought for's grave  
 A fatal dose of Quicksilver, then she  
 Mingles to hast his double destinie;  
 Now whilst within themselves they are at strife,  
 The deadly potion yields to that of Life,

H

*Protinus*

*Protinus in vacuos alui petiere recessus,  
 Lubrica dejectis quæ via nota cibis.  
 Quàm pia cura Deum! prodest crudelior uxor,  
 Sic cùm fata volunt, bina venena iuvant.*

*Auson. Epig.*

*Emptis quod libris tibi Bibliotheca referta est,  
 Doctum & Grammaticum te Philomuse putas?  
 Quine iam Cytharas, chordas & barbita conde,  
 Mercator hodie, cras citharædus eris.*

*Avieni v. c. ad amicos.*

*Rure morans, quid agam, respondi pauca rogatus,  
 Mane deum exoro famulos post arvaque viso,  
 Partitusque meis iustos indico labores.  
 Inde lego, Phœburque cio, Musamque lasso.  
 Tunc oleo corpus fingo mollique palestra  
 Siringo libens animo gaudensque ac fœnore liber  
 Prædeo, potor, ceno, iudo, lavo, cano, quiesco.*

*Ad Fabullum, Catul. lib. 1. Ep. 13.*

*Canabis bene mi Fabulle apud me  
 Paucis, si dii tibi favent, diebus,  
 Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam  
 Canam, non sine candida puella,  
 Et vino & sale & omnibus cachinnis.  
 Hac si inquam attuleris Fabulle noster  
 Canabis bene, nam tui Catulli  
 Plenus sacculus est araneorum.  
 Sed contra accipies meros amores,  
 Sen quod suavius elegantiusve est:*

And straight from th' hollow stomack both retreat,  
 To th' slipp'ry pipes known to digested meat.  
 Strange care o' th' Gods! the Murth'resse doth avail  
 So when fates please ev'n double poysons heal.

*In English.*

Because with bought books, Sir, your study's fraught  
 A learned Grammarian you would fain be thought,  
 Nay then buy Lutes and strings, so you may play  
 The Merchant now, the Fidler the next day.

*Englished.*

Ask'd in the Country, what I did, I said  
 I view my men and meads, first having pray'd;  
 Then each of mine hath his just task outlay'd.  
 I read, *Apollo* court, I rouse my Muse  
 Then I anoynt me, and stript willing loose  
 My self on a soft plat, from us'ry blett  
 I dine, drink, sing, play, bath, I sup, I rest.

*Englished.*

*Fabullus* I will treat you handsomely  
 Shortly, if the kind gods will favour thee.  
 If thou dost bring with thee a del'cate messe,  
 An *Olio* or so, a pretty Lase,  
 Brisk wine, sharp tales, all sorts of Drollery;  
 These if thou bringst ( I say ) along with thee  
 You shall feed highly friend, for know the ebbs  
 Of my lank purse are full of Spiders webs,  
 But then again you shall recieve clear love  
 Or what more grateful or more sweet may prove,

For

*Nam unguentum dabo quod me a puella  
Donarunt Veneres Cupidineſque;  
Quod tu cum olfacies, Deos rogabis  
Torum te faciant Fabulle naſum.*

*Mart. lib. 1. Epi. 14.*

*Caſta ſuo gladium cum traderet Arria Pato,  
Quem de viſceribus traxerat ipſa ſuis:  
Si qua fides, Vulnus, quod feci, non dolet, inquit:  
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Paſe, dolet.*

*Mart. Epi. 43. lib. 1.*

*Conjugis audiſſet fatum cum Portia Bruti,  
Et ſubſtracta ſibi quaereret arma dolor:  
Nondum ſcitis, ait, mortem non poſſe negari,  
Credideram ſatis hoc vos docuiſſe patrem.  
Dixit, & ardentes avido bibit ore favillas.  
I nunc, & ferrum turba moleſta nega.*

*Mart. Ep. 15. lib. 6.*

*Dum Phaetontea formica vagatur in Umbra,  
Implicuit tenuem ſuccina gutta feram,  
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit illa laborum:  
Credibile eſt ipſam ſic voluiſſe mori.*

*Mar. lib. 4. Ep. 33.*

*Et latet & lucet Phaetontide condita gutta  
Ut videatur apes Nectare clauſa ſuo:  
Sic modo qua fueras vitâ contempta manente  
Funeribus facta eſt jam precioſa ſuis.*

For with an ointment I will favour thee,  
 My *Venus's* and *Cupid's* gave to me,  
 Of which once smelt, the gods thou wilt implore  
*Fabullus* that they'd make thee nose all ore.

*Englisbed.*

When brave chaste *Arria* to her *Pætus* gave  
 The Sword from her own breast did bleeding wave,  
 If there be faith, this wound smarts not said she,  
 But what you'll make, ah that will murder me.

*In English.*

When *Portia* her dear Lord's sad fate did hear,  
 And noble grief sought arms were hid from her,  
 Know you not yet no hinderance of death is,  
*Cato* I thought enough had taught you this,  
 So said, her thirty lips drink flaming coales,  
 Go now deny me steel officious fools.

*Englisbed.*

Whilst in an Amber-shade the Ant doth feast  
 A gummy drop ensnares the small wild beast,  
 A full reward of all her toyls hath she,  
 'Tis to be thought she would her self so die.

*In English.*

Both lurks and shines hid in an Amber-tear  
 The Bee in her own Nectar prisoner;  
 So she who in her life time was condemn'd  
 Ev'n in her very funerals is gemm'd.

*Mart. lib. 8. Ep. 19.*

*Pauper videri Cima vult, & est pauper.*

*Out of the Anthologie.*

Ἐσβισε τὸν λυγρὸν μῶρον Ἰὺδαν ὁ πρὸ πόδων  
Δακτόμενον, λίξας, ὡς ἐπὶ με βλήτεται.

*In Rufum, Catul. Ep. 57.*

*Noli admirari quare tibi fœmina nulla  
Ruse velis tenerum supposuisse femur ;  
Non ullam tara labefactes munere vestis ,  
Aut pellucidulis deliciis lapidis.*

*Ladit te quadam mala fabula, quâ tibi fertur  
Valle sub alarum trux habitare caper.*

*Hunc metunt omnes, neque mirum nam mala valde est  
Festis, nec quicum bella puella cubet.*

*Quare aut crudelem nasorum interfice pestem ,  
Aut admirari desine cur fugiant.*

*Catul. Ep. 71.*

*De Inconstantia fœminei amoris.*

*Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere velle  
Quàm mihi, non si Jupiter ipse petat :  
Dicit, sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti ,  
In venio & rapidâ scribere oportet aqua.*

*Ad Lesbiam, Cat. Ep. 73.*

*Dicebas quondam solum te nosse Catullum,  
Lesbia, nec prae me velle tenere Iovem ;*



*In English,*

Cinna seems poor in show,  
And he is so.

*In an English Distick.*

A Fool much bit by fleas put out the light,  
You shall not see me now (quoth he) good night.

*To Rufus.*

That no fair woman will, wonder not why  
Clap (*Rufus*) under thine her tender thigh;  
Nor a silk gown shall once melt one of them,  
Nor the delights of a transparent gemme  
A scurvy story kills thee, which doth tell  
That in thine armpits a fierce goat doth dwell.  
Him they all fear full of an ugly stinch,  
Nor's't fit he should lye with a handsome wench;  
Wherefore this Noses cursed plague first crush,  
Or cease to wonder why they fly you thus.

*Female Inconstancy.*

My Mistresse sayes she'll marry none but me,  
No not if *Jove* himself a Snitor be:  
She sayes so; but what women say to kind  
Lovers, we write in rapid streams and wind.

*Englised.*

That me alone you lov'd, you once did say,  
Nor should I to the King of gods give way,  
Then

Dilexi tum te, non tantum ut vulgus amicam  
 Sed pater ut gnatos diligit & generos.  
 Nunc te cognovi, quare & impensus uror,  
 Multo mi tamen es vilior & levior.  
 Qui potis est inquis? quod amantem injuria talis  
 Cogat amare magis, sed bene velle minus.  
 Odi & amo, quare id faciam fortasse requiris,  
 Nescio, sed fieri sentio & excrucior.

*In Lesbiam Cat. Ep. 76.*

Huc est mens deducta tuâ mea Lesbia culpâ  
 Atque ita se officio perdidit ipsa suo;  
 Ut jam nec bene velle queam tibi, si optima fias  
 Nec desistere amare omnia si facias.

*Ad Quintium Cat. Ep. 83.*

Quinti si tibi vis oculos debere Catullum,  
 Aut aliud si quid carius est oculis;  
 Eripere ei noli multo quod carius illi  
 Est oculis, seu quid carius est oculis.

*De Quintia & Lesbia. Ep. 87.*

Quintia formosa est multis, mihi Candida, longa,  
 Recta est, hæc ego sic singula confiteor:  
 Tota illud formosa nego: nam multa venustas;  
 Nulla in tam magno est corpore mica salis.  
 Lesbia formosa est, quæ cum pulcherrima tota est,  
 Tum omnibus una omneis surripuit venter.

Then I lov'd thee not as a common dear,  
 But as a Father doth his children chear;  
 Now thee I know, more bitterly I smart,  
 Yet thou to me more light and cheaper art.  
 What pow'r is this? that such a wrong should press  
 Me to love more, yet wish thee well much lesse.  
 I hate and love, wouldst thou the reason know?  
 I know not, but I burn and feel it so.

*Englisht.*

By thy fault is my mind brought to that pass,  
 That it it's Office quite forgotten has;  
 For be'elt thou best, I cannot wish thee well,  
 And be'elt thou worst, yet must I love thee still.

*To Quintius.*

*Quintius* if you'll endear *Catullus* eyes,  
 Or what he dearer then his eyes doth prize,  
 Ravish not what is dearer then his eyes,  
 Or what he dearer then his eyes doth prize.

*Englisht.*

*Quintia* is handsome, fair, tall, straight, all these  
 Very particulars I grant with ease:  
 But she all ore's not handsome; here's her fault  
 In all that bulk, there's not one corne of salt,  
 Whilst *Le-bia* fair and handsome too all ore  
 All graces and all wit from all hath bore.

*Englisht.*

*De Suo in Lesbiam amore Ep. 88.*

*Nulla potest mulier tantum se dicere amanti  
Vere, quantum a me Lebia amata mea est.  
Nulla fides ullo fuit unquam federe tanta,  
Quanta in Amore suo ex parte reperta mea est.*

*Ad Syllonem Ep. 104.*

*Aut sodes mihi redde decem sestertia Sylo,  
Deinde esto quamvis savus, & indomitus  
Aut site nummi delectant, desine quaso  
Leno esse atque idem savus, & indomitus.*

---

*Englisht.*

No one can boast her self so much below'd,  
Truely as *Lesbia* my affections prov'd;  
No faith was ere with such a firm knot bound  
As in my love on my part I have found.

*Englisht.*

*Sylo* pray pay me my ten *Sefters*,  
Then rant and roar as much as you shall please,  
Or if that mony takes, pray give ore;  
To be a pimp, or else to rant and roar.

---



# ELEGIES

SACRED

To the Memory of the  
AUTHOR :

By several of his Friends.

---

Collected and Published

BY

*D. P. L.*

---

*Nunquam ego te vitâ frater amabilior  
Adspiciam posthac ; at certè semper amabo.*

*Catullus.*

---

London, Printed 1660.







## ELEGIES.

*To the Memory of my Worthy  
Friend, Coll. Richard Lovelace.*

**T**O pay my Love to thee, and pay it so;  
As Honest men should what they justly owe,  
Were to write better of thy Life than can  
The assur'd'st Pen of the most worthy man:

Such was thy composition, such thy mind  
Improv'd from vertue, and from vice refin'd  
Thy Youth an abstract of the World's best parts,  
Inur'd to Arms and exercis'd to Arts;  
Which with the Vigour of a man, became  
Thine and thy Countries Pyramids of Fame  
Two glorious Lights, to guide our hopeful Youth,  
Into the path's of Honour and of Truth.

These parts (so rarely met) made up in thee  
What man should in his full perfection be;  
So sweet a Temper into every sence  
And each affection breath'd an Influence  
As smooch'd them to a Calme, which still withstood  
The ruffling passions of untamed Blood,  
Without a Wrinkle in thy face, to show  
Thy stable breast could no disturbance know

In

*In Fortune humble, constant in mischance  
 Expert in both, and both serv'd to advance  
 Thy Name by various Trialls of thy Spirit,  
 And give the Testimony of thy merit;  
 Valiant to envy of the bravest men  
 And learned to an undisputed Pen,  
 Good as the best in Both, and great, but Yet.  
 No dangerous Courage nor offensive Wit:  
 These ever serv'd the one for to defend  
 The other Nobly to advance thy friend,  
 Under which title I have found my name  
 Fix'd in the living Chronicle of Fame,  
 To times succeeding; Yet I hence must go  
 Displeas'd, I cannot celebrate thee so;  
 But what respect acknowledgement and love,  
 What these, together when improv'd improve  
 Call it by any Name (so it express  
 Ought like a Tribute to thy Worthyness  
 And may my bounden gratitude become)*

LOVELACE I offer at thy Honour'd Tomb.

*And though thy Vertues many friends have bred  
 To love thee living, and lament thee Dead  
 In Characters far better couch'd then these  
 Mine will not blot thy Fame nor theirs encrease,  
 'Twas by thine own great merits rais'd so high,  
 That Mangre time, and Fate, it shall not dye.*

*Sic flevit.*

Charles Cotton.

Upon the *Posthume* and precious  
Poems of the nobly extracted  
Gentleman Mr. R. L.

**T**he Rose and other Fragrant Flowers smell Best  
When they are pluck'd and worn in Hand or Crest,  
So this fair flow'r of Vertue this rare bud  
Of Wit, smell now as fresh as when it stood;  
And in these Posthume-Poems lets us know,  
He on the Banks of Helicon did grow:  
The beauty of his Soul did Correspond  
With his sweet out-side, nay, it went beyond;  
LOVELACE, the Minion of the Thespian Dames,  
Apollo's darling, born with Enthean flames,  
Which in his Numbers wave, and shine so clear  
As Sparks refracted in rich gemmes appear;  
Such flames that may inspire, and Atoms cast  
To make new Poets, not like him in haste.

Jam. Howell.

I

An

## AN ELEGIE,

Sacred to the Memory of my late  
Honoured Friend, Collonell  
Richard Lovelace.

**P**ardon (blest shade) that I thus crowd thee be  
Mong those that sin unto thy memory;  
And that I think unvalued Reliques spread;  
And am the first that pillages the dead:  
Since who would be thy mourner as befits,  
But an officious sacrilege commits.  
How my tears strive to do thee fairer rights!  
And from the Characters divide my sight.  
Untill it (dimmer) a new torrent swells,  
And what obscur'd it falls my spectacles.

Let the luxurious floods (impulsive) rise  
As they would not be wept, but weep the eyes,  
The while earth melts, and we above it lye,  
But the weak bubbles of Mortalitie;  
Until our griefs are drawn up by the Sun,  
And that (too) drop the exhalation.  
How in thy dust we humble now our pride,  
And bring thee a whole people mortis'd!  
For, who expects not death, now thou art gone,  
Shows his low folly, not Religion.  
Can the Poetick heaven still hold on  
The golden dance when the first movers gon?

# ELEGIES.

5

*And the snatch'd fires (while circularly hurl'd)  
In their strong Rapture glimmer to the World?  
And not stupendiously rather rise,  
The tapers unto these Solemnities?*

*Can the Chords move in tune, when thou dost dye  
At once their universal Harmony?*

*But where Apollo's harp (with murmur) laid,  
Had to the stones a melody convey'd;*

*They by some pebble summon'd would reply  
In loud results to every battery;*

*Thus do we come unto thy marble room,  
To eccho from the musick of thy tombe.*

*May we dare speak thee dead, that wouldst be  
In thy Remove only not such as we?*

*No wonder the advance i. from us hid,  
Earth could not lift thee higher then it did!*

*And thou that didst grow up so ever nigh,  
Art but now gone to immortality:*

*"So near to where thou art thou here didst dwell,  
The change to thee is less perceptible.*

*Thy but unably-comprehending clay,  
To what could not be circumscrib'd gave way.*

*And the more spacious tennant to return,  
Crack'd (in the too restrain'd estate) its urn.*

*That is but left to a successive trust,  
The Soul's first buried in his bodies dust.*

*Thou more thy self now thou art less confin'd  
Art not concern'd in what is left behind;*

*While we sustain the losse that thou art gone  
Un-essenc'd in the separation;*

I 2

And

*And he that weeps thy funerall, in one,  
Is pious to the widdow'd Nation.*

*And under what (now) Covert must I sing  
Secure as if beneath a Cherub's wing:  
When thou hast tane thy flight hence and art nigh  
In place to some related Hierarchie,  
Where a bright wreath of glories doth but set  
Upon thy head an equal Coronet;  
And thou above our humble converse gon,  
Canst but be reach'd by contemplation.*

*Our Lutes (as thine was touch'd) were vocall by,  
And thence receiv'd the soul by sympathy;  
That did above the threads inspiring creep,  
And with soft whispers brake the am'rous sleep:  
Which now no more (mov'd with the sweet surprise)  
Awake into delicious Rapsodies.  
But with their silent Mistres, do comply,  
And fast in undisturbed slumber lye.*

*Now from thy first ascent thou dost disperse  
A blushing warmth throughout the universe,  
While near the morn's Lucatia's fires did glow,  
And the earth a purer dawn did throw,  
We ever saw thee in the Roil of fame  
Advancing thy already deathless name;  
And though it could but be above its fate,  
Thou would'st however super-errogate.*

*Now as in Venice, when the wanton state,  
Before a Spaniard spread their crowded plate;  
He made it the sage business of his eye,  
To find the Roos of the wild treasury.*

So learn't from that Exchequer, but the more  
 To rate his Masters vegetable Ore:  
 Thus when the Greek and Latin Muse we read  
 As the but cold inscriptions of the dead;  
 We to advantage then admired thee  
 Who did'st live on still with thy Poesie:  
 And in our proud enjoyments never knew  
 The end of the unruly wealth that grew:

But now we have the last dear Ingots gain'd,  
 And the free vein (however rich) is drain'd;  
 Though what thou hast bequeathed us, no space  
 Of this worlds span of time shall ere embrace:  
 But as who sometime knew not to conclude  
 Upon the waters strange vicissitude;  
 Did to the Ocean himself commit,  
 That it might comprehend what could not it:  
 So we in our endeavours must ere-done,  
 Be swallowed up within thy Helicon.

Thou now art layd up in thy precious cave,  
 And from the hollow spaces of thy grave,  
 We still may mourn in tune - but must alone  
 Hereafter hope to quaver out a groan;  
 No more the chirping sonnets with thy rill notes  
 Must henceforth Volley from our treble throates.  
 But each sad accent must be humour'd well,  
 To the deep solemn Organ of thy Cell.

Why should some rude hand carve thy sacred stone,  
 And there incise a cheap inscription;  
 When we can shed the tribute of our tears  
 So long, till the relenting marble wears?

which

*Which shall such order in their cadence keep.  
That they a native Epitaph shall weep;  
Untill each Letter spelt distinctly lyes,  
Cut by the mystick droppings of our eyes.*

*El. Revett.*

### AN ELEGIE.

**M**E thinks when Kings, Prophets, and Poets dye,  
We should not bid men weep, nor ask them why,  
But the great loss should by instinct impair  
The Nations like a pestilential ayr,  
And in a moment men should feel the Cramp,  
Of grief, like persons payson'd with a damp;  
All things in nature should their death deplore,  
And the Sun look less lovely then before,  
The fixed Stars should change their constant spaces,  
And Comets cast abroad their flagrant faces;  
Yet still we see Princes and Poets fall  
Without their proper pomp of funerall;  
Men look about as if they nere had known  
The Poets Lawrell, or the Princes Crown;  
Lovelace hath long been dead, and we can be  
Oblig'd to no man for an Elegie.  
Are you all turn'd to silence or did he  
Retain the only sap of Poesie,  
That kept all branches living, must his fall  
Set an eternal period upon all:  
So when a Spring-tide doth begin to fly  
From the green shoar, each neighbouring creek grows dry  
But why do I so pettiſhly detract  
An age that is so perfect, so exact,

*In*



*In all things excellent, 'tis a Fame,  
 Or glory to deceased Lovelace Name;  
 For he is weak in wit who doth deprave  
 Another's worth to make his own seem brave;  
 And this was not his aim, nor is it mine,  
 I now conceive the scope of their design,  
 Which is with one consent to bring, and burn  
 Contributory Incense on his Urn,  
 Where each man Love and Fancy shall be try'd,  
 As when great Johnson, or brave Shakespear dy'd.  
 Wits must unite, for Ignorance we see,  
 Hath got a great train of Artillerie,  
 Yet neither shall, nor can it blast the Fame  
 And honour of deceased Lovelace Name,  
 Whose own Lucasta can support his credit:  
 Amongst all such who knowingly have read it,  
 But who that Praise can by desert discusse  
 Due to those Poems that are Posthumous;  
 And if the last conceptions are the best,  
 Those by degrees do much transcend the rest,  
 So full, so fluent, that they richly sate  
 With Orpheus Lure, or with Anacreons Lute,  
 And he shall melt his wing that shall aspire  
 To reach a Fancy or one accent higher.  
 Holland and France have known his nobler parts,  
 And found him excellent in Arms, and Arts.  
 To sum up all, few Men of Fame but know  
 He was tam Marti, quam Mercurio.*

To his noble friend Capt. Dudley Lovelace ,  
upon his Edition of his Brothers Poems.

**T**Hypion hand planting fraternal bayes,  
Deserving is of most egregious praise ;  
Since 'tis the organ doth to us convey ,  
From a descended Sun, so bright a Ray.  
Clear Spirit, how much we are bound to thee ,  
For this so great a Liberalitie,  
The truer worth of which by much exceeds  
The Western Wealsh, which such contention breeds,  
Like the Infusing-God, from the Well-head  
Of Poesie you have besprinkled  
Our brows with holy drops, the very last  
Which from your Brother's happy Pen were cast ;  
Yet as the last the best, such matchlesse skill  
From his divine alembick did distill.  
Your honour'd Brother in the Elyzian shade  
Will joy to know himself a Laureat made  
By your religious care, and that his Urn ,  
Doth him on Earth immortal life return.  
Your self you have a good Physician shown ,  
To his much griev'd friends, and to your own,  
In giving this elixir'd Medecine ,  
For greatest grief a soveraign anodine.  
Sir, from your Brother y<sup>e</sup> have convey'd us blifs;  
Now, since your Genius so concurs with his ,  
Let your own quill our next enjoyments frame ,  
All must be rich that's grac'd with Lovelace name.

Symon Oguell M. D. Coningbrens.

On the truly Honorable Coll. Richard  
 Lovelace, occasioned by the Publication  
 Of his Posthume-Poems.

ELEGIE.

Great Son of Mars! and of Minerva too!  
 With what oblations must we come to woo  
 Thy sacred soul to look down from above,  
 And see how much thy memory we love,  
 Whose happy pen so pleased amorous Ears,  
 And lifting bright Lucasta to the Spheres,  
 Her in the Star-bespangled orb did set,  
 Above fair Ariadnes Coronet,  
 Leaving a pattern to succeeding Wits  
 By which to sing forth their Pythionick fits?  
 Shall we bring tears and sighs! no, no, then we  
 Should but bemoane our selves for loosing thee,  
 Or else thy happiness seems to deny,  
 Or to repine at thy felicity:  
 Then whilst we chant out thine immortal praise,  
 Our offerings shall be onely Sprigs of Bays;  
 And if our tears will needs their brinks out-fly,  
 We'l weep them forth into an Elegy,  
 To tell the World how deep Fates wounded wit,  
 When Atropos the lovely Lovelace hit;  
 How th' active fire which cloath'd thy gen'rous mind,  
 Consum'd the water and the earth calcin'd,

Untill a stronger heat by death was given,  
 Which sublimated thy poor soul to heaven.  
 Thou knew'st right well to guide the warlike steed,  
 And yet could'st court the Muses with full speed,  
 And such success, that the inspiring nine  
 Have fill'd their Thespian fountain so with brine,  
 Henceforth we can expect no Lyrick lay,  
 But biting Satyres through the world must stray.  
 Bellona joyns with fair Erato too,  
 And with the Destinies do keep ado,  
 Whom thus she queries; Could not you a while  
 Reprieve his life until another file  
 Of Poems such as these, had been drawn up?  
 The fates reply'd; that, Thou wert taken up  
 A Sacrifice unto the Deities;  
 Since things most perfect please their holy eyes,  
 And that no other Victims could be found,  
 With so much Learning and true Virtue crown'd.  
 Since it is so, in peace for ever rest;  
 'Tis very just that God should have the best.

Sym. Ognell M. D. Coningbrens.

On

## On My Brother.

LOVELACE is dead! then let the World return  
 To its first Chaos; Muffled in its Urn;  
 The Stars and Elements together lye  
 Drench'd in perpetual obscurity;  
 And the whole Machine in confusion be,  
 As immethodick as an Anarchie;  
 May the Great Eye of Day weep out his light,  
 Pale Cynthia leave the Regiment of Night,  
 The Galaxia all in Sables Dight,  
 Send forth no corruscations to our Sight,  
 The Sister-graces and the sacred Nine  
 Statu'd with grief, attend upon his shrine.  
 Whose worth, whose loss, should we but truly rate  
 'T would Puzzle our Arithmetick, to state  
 The accompt of vertu's so transcendent high,  
 Number and Value reach Infinity.  
 Did I pronounce him dead! no no, he lives,  
 And from his Aromatique Cell he gives  
 Spics-breathed Fumes, whose Oderiferous scent  
 (In Zephire-pales which never can be spent)  
 Doth spread it self abroad and much out-vies,  
 The Eastern Bird in her self-Sacrifice:  
 Or Father-Phœbus wh. to th' World Derives  
 Such various and such multiformed Lives,  
 Took notice that brave LOVELACE did inspire,  
 The Universe with his Promethean Fire,  
 And snatcht him hence before his Thred was spun,  
 Env'ing that here should be another Sun.

T. L.

On the Death of my  
Dear Brother.

E P I T A P H.

**T**Read (Reader) gently, gently ore  
The happy Dust beneath this floor:  
For, in this narrow Vault is set  
An Alabaster Cabinet,  
Wherein both Arts and Arms were put,  
Like Homers *Iliads* in a Nut;  
Till Death with slow and easie pace,  
Snatcht the bright Jewell from the Case.  
And now, transform'd, he doth arise  
A Constellation in the Skies,  
Teaching the blinded World the way,  
Through Night, to startle into Day:  
And shipwrackt shades, with steady hand  
He steers unto th' *Elizian Land*.

Dudley Posthumus-Lovelace.

FINIS.

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